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CURRENT COMMENT.

BROTHER Sam Blythe, who has observed the process of turning the Republican rascals out and putting the Democratic rascals in and vice versa, for as long a period, probably, as one could be expected to endure it without anaesthetics, has at last come to a striking conclusion. "Why not scrap them both?" he asks, in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. "There are," he continues, "no genuine issues between them, no authentic differences of policy or performance. There is nothing between them save the desire of the Republicans, who are in power, to stay in power, and the desire of the Democrats, who are out of power, to get back in power." This is all very true, and one may indeed think it rather odd to find such a commonplace displayed on the front page of the *Saturday Evening Post*, since most of us have known it these many weary years. But, after all, what about it?

WELL, Brother Blythe has noticed that some Democratic congressmen are a bit more advanced from the Stone Age than others; and he has observed the same phenomenon in the Republican ranks; and he suggests that the go-aheads from both aggregations form a new party and the hold-backs another, and that then the new alignment might mean something. In our fallible judgment, however, Brother Blythe would be in for a severe disappointment. We suspect the two new parties would become just the ins and the outs, and nothing more, for the very good reason that under any form of political government there is no possibility of their becoming anything else. If Brother Blythe could devise and spring on the American people, through the medium of the *Saturday Evening Post*, a handy system of purely administrative government, with a futile non-representative Congress replaced by some sort of working representation of the productive resources of the country, we suspect that he might see his excellent desires fulfilled.

PERHAPS it is a little early to judge whether the President, in dismissing forty-nine employees of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, was acting for the good of the Government service, or for the good of the Republican party. However, judging from the Senate debate on the matter, it would seem that Republican leaders regard the two as synonymous; therefore one may perhaps be justified in supposing that the dismissals were for the benefit both of the service and of deserving party-members. It is hinted that some irregularities have been

discovered in those sections of the Bureau with which these forty-nine employees were connected; and at the same time it is said that the President is considerably embarrassed because he can not adequately reward his loyal supporters out of the number of political plums at his disposal. Here then, from the Administration's viewpoint, is a fortunate coincidence. As for the public, it can afford to be indifferent in the matter; undoubtedly there is inefficiency and corruption in the conduct of the Government Departments—there always is; but there is little reason to suppose that much will be gained by removing inefficient Civil-Service employees to make way for political opportunists.

WHILE we are on this subject of Government service, we may remark in passing that the number of Government clerks now employed in the Executive Departments is said, on a conservative estimate, to be about twice the number actually needed. Whole bureaux, we are told, which were created during the war-emergency, are still retained intact, although the work for which they were organized is done. No private concern in these days is retaining superfluous employees, at least not so that one could notice it; but private concerns do not have to face the political consequences of dismissing large numbers of workers. Nothing, as this paper has remarked, is so difficult as ousting a place-holder, once he has gotten in his hooks; and, considering the nature of Government service, nothing could afford a more striking commentary on our economic system than the perseverance with which the petty officeholder clings to a position which, if he were a free man, he would not stoop to hold.

THIS paper little thought to see the day when it would play devil's advocate for the United States Shipping Board; but Chairman Lasker's testimony on the ship-subsidy bill now before the Congress, has had the effect of convincing us that the Board, bad as its record has been, is at present a somewhat less capacious sink-hole for the taxpayers' money than will be the alternative which Mr. Lasker and the Administration are urging upon the Congress. As an argument for the bill, Mr. Lasker advanced the fact that under its provisions the maximum direct subsidy to shippers will be \$52 million a year, or only two million more than the Government is now losing annually on the operations of the Shipping Board. The indirect subsidies included in the bill, he dismissed as not calling for serious consideration; since they will not come from the Government Treasury. This attitude may have impressed representatives and senators, but the plain citizen who will have to stand for this proposed delegation of the taxing-power to private concerns, may legitimately give it a good deal of sober second thought. We ourselves have cogitated deeply, and the result of our cogitation has been a profound conviction in favour of retaining the Shipping Board with its deficit of \$50 million a year.

At a dinner given in his honour on the eve of his sailing, our new ambassador to Germany, Mr. Houghton, made a few appropriate remarks. His excellent and sensible speech, if taken at its face value, was extremely conciliatory and prepossessing towards German opinion, and—which is more to the point—towards German-American votes. We do not wish to disparage Mr. Houghton; on the contrary, we think he sincerely meant all he said and that, to the full extent of an office-boy's opportunity, he

will stand by all he said. We wish to remark merely that if it be an object to the Administration really to placate German opinion and the German-American vote, the most effective beginning would be to restore the German property sequestered here, or as much of it as is recoverable after the trusteeship of Messrs. Palmer and Garvan. The conduct of these two men, as described by Mr. Newton of Missouri before the House of Representatives, was simply monstrous. Mr. Newton did not hesitate to say that in their official capacity "they were neither custodians nor trustees, but auctioneers." Money talks; and we suggest to the Administration that if a little stolen or impounded money were restored to its rightful owners, it would be much more eloquent of American good will towards Germany, and Germans, and German-Americans than any number of words from Mr. Houghton.

THE shocking temper shown by thirty French scientists on a recent public occasion when they let it be known that they would leave the hall in a body if Professor Einstein appeared, casts a serious reflection upon the corporate good sense and taste of the French Academy of Sciences. One thinks better than this of French learning. After the reception that was accorded to Professor Einstein by the College of France, it is particularly unpleasant to know that there could be found in France thirty men connected with any branch of science who would behave in this astonishing way. We thought that sort of thing was over and done with long ago, and that those who had in time past lent themselves to it were pretty diligently cultivating the grace of repentance. If now, however, at this late day, there are those who still contemplate a sort of sentimental nationalization of mathematics and physics, the sooner they set about it, the sooner they will find their place. That some sense of this is being felt in Paris is shown by the way *L'Œuvre* comments upon the incident. "Professor Einstein feared becoming the object of an unfortunate manifestation, and preferred to remain away. Thus he has given his French confrères, we regret to write, in place of a lesson in celestial mechanism, a lesson in fact, of which the Academy, it seems, had need. . . . After this manifestation, we must hope that no German will discover a cure for tuberculosis or cancer. Our scientists are such nationalists that without doubt they would rather have their compatriots die than consent to recognize a foreign invention."

CARL RADEK, Assistant Foreign Secretary of Soviet Russia, stopped off in Berlin the other day just long enough to tell a reporter that the Russian debts were not a matter of fundamental importance. "As business optimists," he said, "we freely recognize our debts to France and the neutrals, but we will not pay them." This is just too hot for anything! In fact, it reminds us of M. Loucheur's statement that in his opinion, France could never repay a sou to America. France couldn't if she would; Russia wouldn't if she could; and the difference won't buy very many shoes for the coming generation. The Franco-American situation and the Russo-French situation would match up even better if Mr. Harding would withdraw recognition from the Government of the Third French Republic (of revolutionary origin), and send a little subsidy to Monseigneur le Duc d'Orleans, if that gentleman is still alive.

THAT curious institution, the Russian Division of the State Department, has distinguished itself again by formally receiving General Semenov, who is visiting this country to solicit aid in making Siberia safe for his particular brand of democracy. Our obsequious statesmen in Washington just managed to anticipate the sheriff in New York City who also received the General with a warrant charging him with the theft of some \$500,000 worth of furs belonging to an American trading company. The warrant was accompanied by some interesting affidavits, among them one from General Graves, commander

of the American forces in Siberia, in which the anti-Bolshevik hero is rudely described as a common bandit whose merry men on one occasion even went so far as to attack an American detachment, and succeeded in murdering two American soldiers. A reputable American correspondent also contributed to the occasion a description of the Semenov method of stamping out bolshevism in the Wild East. His men, it appears, indulged in such little amenities as flogging women with chains or red-hot ramrods, and tying babies suspected of bolshevism to fences to freeze to death.

THE Irish situation continues to be depressingly reminiscent of the question asked by a native returning to devastated Dublin after the Easter Week rebellion: "How long have they had home rule?" The split between the Free-Staters and Republicans has extended to the army, and the situation borders upon civil war, if indeed it may not actually be described in those terms. The Republicans contend that the Free State agreement can not be considered valid until it is accepted by the Irish people, and that Mr. Collins's provisional Government has, therefore, no lawful authority and can not supersede the Government of the Irish Republic. Reports indicate that the Republican following is gaining in numbers, and that the Provisional Government is unable to deal with the situation. Thus it looks as if the Irish people may insist upon independence for their nation before they will consent to consider the question of freedom for themselves.

We have always said that the British Government agreed to pull the British Army out of Ireland only because it had to. If this is the case, it stands to reason that the British authorities will attempt to regain control if the people who were formerly united against England now fall to fighting among themselves. The excuse will be that the Irish are destroying one another; the reason, that the Irish can be more easily destroyed. Unless there is a great deal of trouble in India and Egypt, it will be comparatively easy for the British Government to strike, and strike hard. In this country it is generally supposed that most of the foreign troops have been withdrawn, but private advices from Dublin inform us that as a matter of fact, the army of occupation has been evacuated from outlying posts *into* Dublin, Cork, and other strategic centres, which are now more strongly held than ever before. The Irish can get the troops out of the country by uniting to put them out; but the very necessity for national unity in a political cause distracts attention from the labour of making Ireland an economically free country. Hence it would seem to us that as between the Free State and the Republic, the easier of the two settlements is the more desirable, if only for the reason that it promises to give an earlier opportunity for a transfer of interest from political to economic questions.

To pay or not to pay! that is the question. Our protectionists hold that it is nobler to cancel our war-debts than to let the American market be flooded with commodities made by pauper European labour. England, having had three years experience of indemnity-payment under the treaty of Versailles, is crying out. Enough! Even her free-traders are ready to join in the chorus with our protectionists, for German goods are everywhere undercutting British-made commodities. In France a strong opposition to the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement which contemplated payment in kind, will not consent to a brick or a plank crossing the frontier as material for rebuilding the devastated areas. No Allied country wants payment in goods or in services, and there is no other mode of payment possible; yet they all want to be paid. We often wonder what the great financiers who assisted the great statesmen to draw up the great and imposing treaty of peace now think about their work. One can say to their credit that they are quiet about it; they are so silent that one might think they had passed entirely out of existence.

It would seem that the president and faculty of Clark University could learn a great deal from their students, provided they were capable of assimilating it. As a result of a recent incident in the life of the institution, the representative student-organizations have issued certain *pronunciamientos* on freedom of speech that would reflect credit on any body of freemen anywhere. The incident itself was nothing out of the ordinary for any institution of what we are wont to call the higher learning. A student-association interested in public affairs, invited Dr. Scott Nearing of the Rand School to address its members on "The Control of Public Opinion in the United States." After Dr. Nearing had been talking for some time, President Atwood suddenly appeared, had the lights turned out, and summarily dismissed the meeting. This procedure is in itself easily explicable, for in organized education it is not freedom, but endowments, that matter. Nor can any fault be found with this, under present economic circumstances; and if President Atwood had only stated the case frankly, he would have given his young men a salutary disillusion. Instead, the president chose to go before the student-body with a laboured defence of freedom of speech, in the interest of which, he announced, all student-meetings and speakers must be subject to his censorship; making the special point that he must be responsible for seeing that the students had no contact with ideas that might be alien to the experience of their parents. On top of this, the faculty passed a resolution in which they declared that there was perfect academic freedom at Clark University, and intimated that a censorship of ideas was altogether fitting and satisfactory.

THE students lost no time in making clear that their ideas of educational freedom were on a different plane altogether from those of their mentors. In a statement signed by the executives of every student-organization, they declared: "We do believe that Clark University ceases to exist as an institution of higher learning when it is deprived of those peculiarly characteristic principles enunciated by its benefactor and founder, Jonas Gilman Clark, . . . that there shall never be any abridgment of the inalienable right of self-expression within the environs of the University." In addition, a committee of the student-body was selected to draw up a bill of particulars in the controversy. This, as printed in the college magazine, proves to be a model of urbanity and dignity. It recounts the characteristic perversions of the incident in the press, gives an abstract of Mr. Nearing's speech, with a description of the abrupt *dénouement*, a summary of the excellent liberal traditions of the institution, and finally an impartial and unemotional but thoroughly pitiless analysis of President Atwood's apologia. In a Spartan society, there would be nothing left but *hara-kiri* for the subject of such a dissection. President Atwood, however, is doubtless a practical man with a distinct purpose to serve, and it is not to be supposed that he will either die or surrender. None the less, pessimistic Americans who are prone to worry about the morale of our younger generation, may derive much refreshment from this episode; for the young men of this institution have shown not only excellent courage in this matter, but also a fine sense of sportsmanship and an uncommonly delicate sense of intellectual integrity.

FOR one whole day, towards the end of the month of March, the women of New York City were forbidden to smoke in public places. In the night-blooming section of the town, the police applied old methods to the new censorship, and made themselves somewhat more pestiferous than before. Then, all of a sudden, some one discovered that the anti-smoking ordinance had not actually been passed by the Board of Aldermen. Thereupon the cigarette was restored to the list of official indulgences, and the whole matter was dismissed as a good joke on the police and the administration in general. The situation is indeed humorous, but it seems to us that the joke

is not so much on the authorities as on the people. There is abundant precedent for an ordinance of this kind, as is shown clearly enough by the nonchalance with which the police embarked upon the campaign of enforcement. When such tricks are played with individual liberty, it is all very well to have a good laugh at the performance, but it is better still to remember whence the piper gets his pay.

RECENTLY a friend of ours, a resident of New York City, informed us that he was looking for a place whereto he might remove his goods and chattels, the reason being that the three-years lease on his apartment was about to expire, and the landlord had jumped up the rent from \$1400 a year to \$2400, a thousand dollars at a clip. The prices of food and clothing are coming down, but what does it profit a man when he must sell his very soul in order to buy shelter for his body? In New York City, and in American cities generally, the people are remarkably well dressed, and perhaps tolerably well fed, but most of them live in miserable holes in the wall, which grow more constrained and more costly every year. These people are being eaten up by land-values which they themselves have helped to create, and they continue to do nothing about it but pay and grumble, as though there were nothing for it but grumble and pay till the end of time.

A SHAW comedy has somehow escaped the Hungarian censorship and has been enjoying a successful run in Budapest. As a result, the organ of the Clerical party denounces Mr. Shaw as "a notorious Hebrew," and demands that his real name be divulged. Possibly the Hungarian propagandists have borrowed a leaf from our own Mr. Henry Ford, whose editor recently devoted considerable space to the doubtful enterprise of proving Lenin to be a Jew. It seems curious that the anti-Semites choose such distinguished persons for inclusion among the seed of Abraham, which they affect to despise. Surely for their own case they could make better selections than the foremost dramatist of England, if not of the world, and the most successful statesman of Europe. Lenin has not seemed to worry much over Mr. Ford's efforts to place him among the chosen people, and as for Mr. Shaw, it is quite on the cards that he will accept the Hungarian challenge by promptly setting up a claim to be the whole Lost Tribe.

A SHORT time ago, in the illustrated section of a Sunday newspaper, we came across a picture of a cheap, frame building, fronting upon a bare and unsightly plot of ground, across which a number of pedestrians were making their way. The photograph might have been taken at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, but it wasn't; the caption informed us that the flimsy structure in the background was the Alma Mater of the Empress of Japan, and that the Empress herself was one of the members of the perambulating group. The East may be the country of the past, but we can not look at such a picture as this, without turning to speculate upon the future. The advance of machine-production is as sure as the processes of the stars; will the ancient genius of the Orient redirect the course of the industrial revolution, or will Asia recapitulate in the twentieth century the tortuous history of Europe and America in the nineteenth?

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It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A SORRY OLD SOUL.

THE coal-mining industry of the country has once again muddled through to a standstill. In the mines alone upwards of half a million men are out of production, and already resultant lay-offs in other lines of industry have begun. The continuance of the strike will result in a progressive anaemia spreading throughout our industrial system which is already well depleted by high taxation, high tariffs and confiscatory freight-rates. The basis of the controversy is the familiar dispute over wages and hours; and hence, for obvious reasons, a settlement in favour of either side can contribute nothing towards clearing up the chaotic condition of the industry. The wage-contract between the operators and the unions, which, appropriately enough, expired on All Fools' Day, carried a clause providing that a new agreement should be arranged between representatives of the workers and the operators. Taking advantage of the falling labour-market and the general slackness in the demand for their product, the operators decided to treat this clause as a scrap of paper. They refused to confer; the Harding Administration feebly invited them to talk things over; the invitation, for some reason—not very recondite, probably, but in the large view also not very material—did not "take." So there we are.

Periodically the coal-industry has suffered from paralytic seizures of this nature to the great inconvenience of all of us; and not as yet have the operators, the labour-leaders, or any responsible officers of the Government ever conceived it their business to seek for a remedy. In certain areas, notably in West Virginia, the industry seems regularly to have been conducted not as an industry but as a war; a sort of guerrilla warfare from which savages would recoil in horror. Generally the industry has been carried on with chronic underemployment, extraordinary dishonesty and extravagant waste. Structurally, it may be compared to a mediæval despotism. Its theory seems to remain that of divine right. It is only about two decades since the late Mr. Baer denounced any interference with the peculiar activities of those to whom God in his infinite wisdom has entrusted the stewardship of the coal-fields. Since that time the German Kaiser has been driven into exile, and all the Tsars of all the Russias have become even as imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay; but apparently Mr. Baer's doctrine of divine right still remains unquestioned in the coal-fields of America. Even the leadership of the workers themselves has not been of such a character as seriously to challenge this entrenched bourbonism. Mr. Gompers has lost so many wage-controversies that it is difficult to determine, and still more difficult to remember, which side of the industrial imbroglio he really represents; and if any particular enlightenment has emanated from Mr. Lewis or any of his colleagues among the United Mine Workers, its beams have not yet reached us.

The American public will be faced with a condition, and a very expensive and desolating condition, in the coal-industry, until the leaders in that industry and the leaders of public opinion, if there be such, become aware that it is a theory as well as a condition that confronts us there. All business men and all workers connected with the industry have a common interest in bringing about this recognition as speedily as possible. As long as the coal-industry is conducted as a war rather than a productive enterprise, neither labour nor

capital will derive a satisfactory return, and the general public and the manufacturer will continue to pay famine-prices for the product. The only solution for the problems of this industry is an heroic course of fundamental economics, but unfortunately this is just the thing that every one concerned, operators, miners, Government and public, is most feverishly desirous of avoiding; and meanwhile Old King Coal is a sorry old soul.

The utmost that our liberal, forward-looking and progressive brethren have been able to suggest in the premises, is by way of a rather helpless demand for "the facts of the situation," and of complaint against the operators for refusing to open their books and make those facts accessible. Our excellent contemporary, the *New Republic*, for instance, is extremely keen for the facts, and rather intimates that until they are made available from the operators' books, very little can be done. Well, facts are always respectable, no doubt; still, they have an order of natural importance, and fortunately the primary and essential facts of the coal-industry are not sealed up in the operators' books, but on the contrary, are open and available to every one. The first fact is that coal is a natural resource, and as such, is in its nature public property. Second, the digging and raising of coal can not be effected otherwise than by the application of labour and capital to this natural resource. Third, this natural resource is tightly monopolized; the anthracite field especially, owing to its geography, is as tight a monopoly as can be devised. Fourth, labour and capital can not, therefore, get access to this natural resource on terms set by free competition, but only on terms set by monopoly. Fifth, the terms set by monopoly are invariably "all that the traffic will bear."

There are other facts bearing upon the relations fixed between labour and capital in consequence of the foregoing, but they may be left to suggest themselves. For anyone who really wants "the facts of the situation," the five that we have mentioned are quite enough to go on with. When our progressive and liberal friends have taken them in hand and dealt with them, we shall then be quite ready, if such a thing be thought still necessary, to join with them in an onslaught on the operators' books. Unless and until they have done so, however, we may perhaps be excused from sharing in any such enterprise.

FOLLOWING THE DOUBLE CROSS.

THE two vital objections raised by M. Poincaré to the Cannes programme which was supposed to be the basis of the probable conference at Genoa, were concerned with the fear that England would raise the question of reparations and the integrity of the treaty of Versailles. In plain language, the French Ministry which superseded that of M. Briand when the latter failed at Cannes, came into power in full belief that all would be well if the policy of "making the Boche pay" could be handled by resolute patriots. Indeed, after Cannes, there was nothing for it but the Shylockian ideal; and M. Poincaré, in company with M. Lassètrière, his Minister of Finance, was the man for the job. After they took office it did seem for a little while as if the Cannes programme and the proposed Genoa conference would die of neglect; but somehow the British Prime Minister dexterously kept both ideas alive. The consummate strategist was not to be beaten from his point by such a thing as a French ministerial crisis; and the new French Cabinet was scarcely a month old before it realized that it had better

set about the tactics of sparring for time. An interesting period followed in which the proposal for a conference at Genoa was discussed, not indeed with regard to its expediency, but with regard to the time when it should best take place. The meeting of the two Premiers at Boulogne settled the fact once and for all that a conference at Genoa was a certainty. How well Mr. Lloyd George played a lone hand on that occasion has not been generally appreciated; but one may, in the phraseology of the pugilist, say that he made rings round M. Poincaré. No matter what the outcome is, Mr. Lloyd George was able to say when the delegates assembled on 10 April, "Alone, I did it."

Now it is quite true that he had to make concessions; but no politician has ever been more generous in this respect. Mr. Lloyd George has a cellar full of home-brewed concessions ready for the hospitalities of any and every political occasion. So when at Boulogne, M. Poincaré, driven into a tight corner, was obliged to play to the French jingo galleries and, in the language of the *Matin*, wring from the British Prime Minister pledges to the effect that reparations and the treaty of Versailles would not be discussed at Genoa, Mr. Lloyd George was able to soothe the anxious mind of every French patriot by assuring M. Poincaré that nothing was further from his intention. So, off to Paris M. Poincaré went in triumph, to tell the Chamber of the concessions he had won. It was, however, when one thought about it, remarkable that the two vital factors of an economic conference should be struck from the agenda—and Genoa was to be an economic conference—yet, probably, the gullible amateur in these matters thought the Entente was cemented again as good as new, and that its affairs would proceed harmoniously at Genoa. The sceptics—and this paper must admit the fond impeachment that it was among the number—did not regard the meeting of the two Prime Ministers at Boulogne as a really serious affair in a political sense, for Mr. Lloyd George went straight back to England and laid even greater stress upon the fact that at Genoa the question of the economic reconstruction of Europe would be the all-important question. This should have been sufficient to convince even a member of our State Department that Mr. Lloyd George would somehow, in some way, out-maneuvre M. Poincaré, and concessions or no concessions, pledges or no pledges, manage to raise the whole question of reparations and the sanctions of the treaty of Versailles, which are the chief causes of Britain's trade-stagnation. The sceptics did not know how he would do it; they do not pretend to fathom his artistry in "dishing the Whigs"; but they felt—felt is the word—that he was at all times master of the situation.

Recent events confirm all this. First, Mr. Lloyd George went to the House of Commons for a vote of confidence on the wisdom of going to Genoa; and the House gave him a large majority and its blessing. That was on 3 April. On 5 April, he flung a bomb-shell into the French camp that caused more consternation at Paris than Germany's long-range gun. Politely but firmly, the British Government, of which he is the head, notified the French Government that when the United States calls on Great Britain to pay interest on her war-debt, London will call on Paris to pay interest on the war-debt that France owes England. That was all. Quite a simple, straightforward notification. No concessions are revoked; no pledges are broken. Mr. Lloyd George is not going to raise the question of reparations or the integrity of the treaty of Versailles. Indeed, it will not be necessary for him to mention these things; but this paper would like to know what

other question raised at Genoa will supersede these in interest.

It may be a mere coincidence that the Anglo-French agreement to leave in abeyance the interest on the French debt expires this month. Perhaps M. Poincaré forgot about this. It may be that Mr. Lloyd George was quite ignorant of it when he met the French Prime Minister at Boulogne. But there it is, and the circumstance is very awkward for the French Ministry. Turning to an editorial in the London *Daily Chronicle*, which paper faithfully reflects the thought of the Prime Minister, one can find this matter of the payment of the interest on the French debt to England, put in a nutshell:

France, as we all know, is in a mood to press payment of indemnities beyond what we believe to be Germany's capacity to pay. It is not desirable that we should apply the screw and say 'Very well; you get your indemnities and then give us our interest.' But we may quite reasonably suggest some scheme for the remission of the interest due to us, as part substitute for the indemnities paid by Germany to France. Such a system as this would put nothing into our pockets, but it would tend to prevent reckless finance from retarding the recovery of Europe. We have the utmost sympathy with the needs of France, but, in spite of all, her trade and commerce have been less hard hit than our own, and there is no unemployment there comparable to ours.

Well, there it is!

SO SHALL YE REAP.

CRIME, it seems, has its uses. Under the ministrations of latter-day moralists like Mr. Wilson and Mr. George Creel, the country has become pretty thoroughly indoctrinated with the idea that even war, which earlier moralists rather disparaged, could bring about great good, and was therefore, under certain circumstances, worth while. We had our doubts about this doctrine, and still have them; but the world is rapidly going away from old-fashioned people of our kind, and we are constrained to admit that we have of late begun, if not to drift with the current, at any rate to rock at our anchorage. We are summoning the hardihood to believe—and for once we are encouraged to hope that we are falling in with a popular notion—that the "wave of crime" that is now sweeping over the country, will, if only it sweeps long enough and high enough, wash away all traces of perhaps the strangest and most futile superstition of all the many that remain to blind and bedevil the credulous sons of men. We refer to the extraordinary notion that human society depends, and must depend, upon what is known as "law and order," for its security and peace.

This notion has it that if the restraints and sanctions of the law—chiefly as expressed through the soldier's bayonet and the policeman's club—were once removed, a considerable portion of mankind would immediately begin to thieve, murder and otherwise misconduct itself; and, consequently, when such an irruption threatens, the thing is to stiffen those restraints and enlarge those sanctions—in other words, to muster a larger and yet larger force of clubs and bayonets. On the popular strength of this superstition, Mr. Wilson got his war in 1917; on the strength of it, New York's commissioner of police, Mr. Enright, the other day got a large appropriation and an increase in his forces. Human society has been paying out an immense amount of money for this means of protection against invasion of various kinds, against oppression and disorder. It has not, however, had the protection; it is not now getting the protection that it pays for; and if matters keep on at their present rate, it will before long discover that this means of protec-

tion is as ludicrously incompetent as the beating of tom-toms to avert an earthquake.

We speak of New York only because we live there, and it comes naturally first to our minds by way of illustration; but the news-dispatches report a condition all over the country precisely like our own. Robbery may be fairly described as wholesale. Murders occur with a monotonous frequency, and the potting of harmless pedestrians by the wild shots of policemen makes one think twice about being on the streets any more than one must be. Highwaymanry and burglary, from being nocturnal pursuits practised in unfrequented places, are now carried on chiefly in daylight and in full view of crowds. One of the most admirably organized enterprises of the kind ever known, was consummated shortly after noon on a Sunday, on the north side of Washington Square—as difficult and unpromising a terrain as one could pick out for such operations—when a householder, his wife, and half a dozen servants were impounded in a cellar while the premises were robbed. As for bank-messengers and paymasters, the game-law seems to be out on them, and they are picked up with such tedious regularity that the newspapers give them only a line or two, if anything.

It was at one time highly seditious to express the hope that the war would end otherwise than in the triumph of truth and righteousness, or before these virtues had their triumph fully assured. Is it not, therefore, proper and patriotic for us to hope that this lively state of civil war may not end until an abounding common sense has displaced the superstition to which we advert? Presumably our readers regard our net result from the war as worth the billions of outlay, the thousands of lives lost, the looting of our pockets, first by the Government and then by the profiteers. We never thought so; but if our readers do, they can not object to our suggestion that any amount of money that robbers can make off with would be well lost if its loss should once for all determine what it is that we actually do depend on for our peace and security. There is nothing like a good long course of sumptuary law, rigorously enforced, to show the dullest citizen that decency and morality can not be promoted by such means; and thus it is that this paper has had such an amused interest in the general dawning consciousness of this fact since prohibition came into being. There is nothing like a war to prove that war never settles anything and that all pretence to the contrary is vicious humbug. There is nothing, moreover, like a wave of crime to show that "law and order" is a mere fetish, a creature of rags and wind, and that our reverence for it and our practical dependence on it are egregiously misplaced.

What we really depend upon for our peace and security is the natural good will of human beings; and there is nothing else upon which we can depend. The phenomenon of the wave of crime is easy to understand. People in their natural state are kindly and inoffensive; their will towards their fellow-beings is good. They instinctively respect the life, person and property of others. Not long ago, great numbers of them were taken under compulsion and deliberately debauched. They were energetically taught hate as their first and governing motive, and not only taught but driven to disregard and subdue all their natural impulses towards life and property other than their own. Well, then, the wave of crime seems to show little but that some of them, at least, learned their lesson and are applying it with a power of logic which those who corrupted them do not appear to possess.

That is the whole story. Those who debauched them into a condition of serviceability for "protection" in one special set of circumstances, are now depending on others for protection against them; and the thing will simply not work. Casuistry is matched by casuistry; if it be right to rob and murder for the supposititious good of the greatest number, why not for one's own good, since finally the greatest number is always number one? No, the only and ultimate dependence for peace and security is upon the natural good will of human beings; and when, in any considerable number of them, that good will is frustrated, no police power or other force of law and order can withstand the consequences. Conversely, the more diligently that good will is cultivated, the more freely it is permitted to prevail, the greater our security. A social system rooted in justice would never need any protection; a social system rooted, as ours is, in injustice, has the inveterate fancy, persisting in spite of endless experience, that it can somehow be protected by soldiers and policemen.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

JUST what is to be done with the official report on immigration recently turned in by the estimable lady most popularly known as Miss Lillian Russell, seems at the moment a trifle uncertain. Whatever may be its fate, though, the inspiration of Mr. Secretary Davis in appointing Miss Russell as his personal representative to survey the situation and make recommendations, is a contribution to governmental technique which should not carelessly be lost sight of amid the hubbub of mere coal-strikes and scandals in the Bureau of Engraving.

Ordinarily, the most dispiriting thing about standardized governmental practice is not so much what is done, because notoriously the rule is that nothing whatever is done, but rather the air of portentous gravity with which the whole business is invested. That is also what is so frequently confusing to the innocent, tax-paying bystander. That worthy soul is quite capable of entering appreciatively into the spirit of a harlequinade or extravaganza if only he be properly tipped off that such is the kind of spectacle he is being let in for. These officeholding gentry, though, going through their elaborate "turn" for our distraction, while the serious phases of public affairs are being looked after by stock-brokers, financial gamblers, "captains of industry," boards of censorship, policemen and secret agents, persist in behaving as though their little by-play were the most solemn, important thing in the world.

Mr. Secretary Davis's injection of Lillian Russell into the official scene is a brave corrective step, a praiseworthy effort to strike the right *tempo*, to bring the performance into some sort of external harmony with its intrinsic spirit. It is the sort of thing we can all recognize at sight as vigorous, exuberant horse-play. Nor has Miss Russell failed the trust reposed in her. It is long ago—longer ago than some of us less favoured than she care to recall—since she glowed and beamed alongside of Weber and Fields; but she has not forgotten the tricks of her old and good trade, she has not lost her graceful and excellent lightness of touch. Her report calling for a "five-year immigration-holiday," ignoring every elementary consideration of economics, racial characteristics, sociology and especially the state of the labour-market with reference to supply and demand, is a triumphant specimen of the stuff that puts extravaganza and genuine burlesque "across," as the publicity-men say. It even has those touches of mock fervour and of "patriotism on a pink elephant" which are so effective in entertainments of this sort. It is a

thing that we can all enjoy for exactly what it is, a splendid, tumultuous burlesque, without any more essential relation to things as they are than the colour of Mr. Lloyd George's necktie bears to the size of the German reparations-bill. Mr. Secretary Davis is to be heartily congratulated, both for the success of the performance and for his acumen in perceiving exactly what kind of show it is that he has been whisked out of the genial enclosures of the fraternal brotherhoods to participate in.

Now, however, that so auspicious a start has been made along the lines of candour and dramatic unity, we respectfully suggest that the matter be not allowed to rest here. The Greeks were never afraid of iteration and re-iteration; they were never ashamed to say, Let's have a good thing two or three times over! In the realm of extravaganza and revue, as elsewhere, one good "turn" deserves another; and if we can not get anything else out of our Government, let us, in heaven's name, at least get a little fun out of it—it surely costs enough to warrant this modest return. There are plenty of "pressing problems" besides immigration hanging about awaiting attention; and what to do with our outmoded musical-comedy favourites—like our ex-Presidents and Vice-Presidents—has always been somewhat of a problem on its own account. So by all means let Mr. Secretary Davis go on with the good work.

Let him use his influence to scrap this dull Congressional performance that is interminably being enacted at Washington, and let him look up, say, Miss Trixie Friganza, and have her make a survey of the coal-situation and render an official report. Let him get in touch with Miss Marie Cahill, who has dropped regrettably far out of sight of late, and turn her loose on the matter of the bonus. Let Miss Fay Templeton scintillate in our midst again, and while scintillating, straighten out the railways. Let Miss Stella Mayhew be recalled to adjust the relations of labour and capital, and Miss Eva Tanguay to explain how we should collect our foreign debts. There is almost no end to the possibilities inherent in Mr. Davis's idea, as he will discover when once he begins to consider it in its larger aspects. Should his more stolid confrères object on practical grounds that he is crabbing their act, let him not be dismayed nor weaken. These gifted ladies can not possibly make a worse botch of such matters than the people who are now pretending to occupy themselves with them.

A SUBORNATION OF ART.

In connexion with our recent protest against the imperialist expansion of moralism in the domain of the arts, we should like to call attention to an incursion of another sort, which is as little to our taste as the operations of the censor. Within the week, we have received a letter informing us that the Clark Equipment Company of Buchanan, Michigan, manufacturers of axles and wheels for motor-trucks, are offering a prize of \$1000, spot cash, for "an appropriate poem or ode on the theme 'The Spirit of Transportation.'" The poem or ode "must not exploit any product of the Clark Equipment Company, but should dramatize the influence of transportation on civilization, and the relation of automotive vehicles to transportation." The board of judges includes the editors of *Bus Transportation*, the "Anthology of Magazine Verse," *Automobile Topics*, and the *Century*. Since the exercise of the selective faculty in the field of the arts necessitates the acceptance by the judges of something approaching a common standard of values, it seems to us that the choice of the prize poem might with equal propriety

have been left to a jury composed of General Pershing, Mutt and Jeff, and Mayor John F. Hylan.

The Clark Company's search for "an appropriate poem or ode" is the last lap or leg, so to speak, of a long and earnest quest for the beautiful. At the outset, twelve artists of the brush were invited to do their individual best by "the Spirit of Transportation." "Each artist was paid for his painting, and the twelve were entered in friendly competition for a bonus-prize of \$1000." The jury of award in this case included Judge Gary, and the presidents of the Art Institute of Chicago, the Metropolitan Museum of New York City, and the Erie Railway. We have been trying for some time to assemble the names of a few appropriate alternates, but we are obliged to give it up.

Any poet who contemplates weighing-in for the verse-making contest, will doubtless be impressed by the fact that the painters enjoyed "perfect freedom of thought and expression." Actually they made such canny use of their freedom that nine of the twelve paintings of "the spirit of transportation" include recognizable motor-trucks, or major parts thereof. The participants in this contest understood what they were about; they are well-known illustrators, "ad-men," and captains of the cover-girl industry, and their perspicacity should serve as a warning to the poet that he who neglects to caress the hand of the master is not likely to be very well fed.

The twelve paintings have already been put on display in many cities; and it is especially worthy of note that they have been exhibited at the Art Institute in Chicago, and at the automobile shows in New York and Boston. Presently they are to be published in full-colour reproductions, with the prize ode or poem as their literary accompaniment. Thus it appears that the entire consignment of art and literature is being actually manufactured, bought, paid for, and distributed as so much advertising-matter; "the Spirit of Transportation" and "the juries of award" are nothing more than so much material, and so many agencies, for advertising-purposes.

Now as a matter of course, there is no reason why the motor-truck should not some day figure in a picture or a poem that is a genuine work of art; but such a work must be created freely and spontaneously out of the artist's experience; it can not be produced to order, for the glorification of a piece of mechanism. When the president of the Metropolitan Museum and the editor of the *Century Magazine* pretend that posters and doggerel so produced can be worthy of serious attention as works of art they are lending themselves to the perversion of ability and the degradation of good taste. Of the directors of the Clark Equipment Company we would speak with less severity, for they have not had the same opportunity to learn what sort of business it is that they are up to. It may be that they would really like to do something for the advancement of the arts. If such is the case, we should like to offer a constructive and practical suggestion showing how, we think, the thing can be better done. Perhaps we can most easily communicate the principle that we have in mind by citing the example of Mr. Beecham, the famous purveyor of pills. Of Mr. Beecham's business we have nothing whatever to say; we would simply point out that his financial support made possible the presentation at Albert Hall in London, of a long series of excellent symphonic concerts, at an unbelievably low admission-charge. Besides this, he provided for operatic productions of notable quality at Covent Garden, and sent the company on tour for the delectation of the provinces. The

product of his factory was at least as much in need of advertising as that of our friends out in Michigan; but, as far as we know, he never subsidized the composition of a symphony which should dramatize the influence of good health on civilization, and the relation of pills to good health. He certainly received some little advertising as a result of his patronage of music, and with this we have no quarrel; he deserved it. The point is that he had a genuine respect for the integrity of music as an art; he knew that he could not harness music to the pill-business; and this knowledge was more—much more—than the beginning of wisdom.

COLONEL MAC GILLICUDDY GOES HOME.

I

COLONEL MAC GILLICUDDY having been now laid to rest with his Gaelic ancestors in Muckross Abbey, my life, I trust, will soon again begin to flow into its old channels.

The memory of the Colonel was becoming, perhaps, the faintest of all my memories—I had not seen him for years and years—when I chanced on this casual little paragraph in my morning paper:

The lecture that Colonel Mac Gillicuddy was to give in Wexford Town Hall on ‘Cromwell in Wexford’ has been prohibited by the authorities.

Then the Colonel is home from India, I thought. He had been wounded at the battle of the Somme, and these wounds, I knew, had unfitted him for further active service; I also knew that he had since then been put in charge of some commissariat department in India, and that he had had to make frequent journeys into the very heart of that vast land, as well as into Mesopotamia; but beyond this I knew nothing.

Anyway, he was now in Ireland and anxious to lecture in town halls—what had happened to him? To lecture, moreover, on “Cromwell in Wexford,” and in Wexford itself—whatever had happened to him?

I found a faint smile beginning to play about my lips. I thought of Mac Gillicuddy himself—a quiet, brooding man with pursed lips and a top-heavy brow—why, his very appearance on the platform would kill the life of any lecture-hall in the world, though it were lit with a hundred arc-lamps and festooned with red and white flowers. And then his theme, “Cromwell in Wexford!” What other picture could that bring before the mind than the slaughter in cold blood by the Cromwellian soldiery of the 300 noble women of the town as they gathered for sanctuary about the stone cross in the market place—surely an extraordinary story on the lips of a British officer! Then the place he had chosen—Wexford itself! And then the time—November, 1919, when the nerves of all Ireland were strained almost to the breaking-point! Even as this thought flashed on my mind, I looked through the paper, and there, spread all over it, were stories of arrests, of midnight raids for arms, of prisoners hunger-striking in prison, of shootings, of jailings, of further proclamations of martial law. And I had only to look through the window to see soldiers marching by, armed to the teeth. Of the Colonel’s desire to lecture on “Cromwell in Wexford” at such a time, in such a place, I could make nothing, except that something had happened to him.

II

I saw no other mention of that lecture in the papers; a fortnight afterwards, however, I received a short note from him, a fact surprising enough in itself, for during his two years of service in France and since in India—eventful years—he had not written me even one letter. His note made no apology for all this, neither did he make any inquiry of how these years had passed for me; he simply mentioned, casually it seemed, that he intended staying three weeks longer in Drogheda, *studying on the spot the details of Cromwell’s massacre in that town!* How long he had been there already, why he had chosen to delve

into these terrible things, and why he should trouble me with them—all this had not crossed his mind, it seemed. His postscript was queerer still: “Have you seen Tate’s book on ‘Kitchener in Africa’?”

That I noted. I had not heard of such a book, but since Mac himself had served under Kitchener in his African wars, it was likely to be authoritative or he wouldn’t have referred me to it. “Tate’s ‘Kitchener in Africa,’ ” I wrote in my notebook; and even as I did so a sudden thought jerked, *jerked* the pen from the paper: why, Mac himself must have witnessed some terrible slayings in his time, perhaps even taken a hand in them!

I stood up straight. I no longer smiled: his deadly earnest face, which now was all my vision, forbade it. I had to put away my work and go out into the streets. With a nervous, unrestful stride, that I found impossible to control, I went from hilltop to hilltop, without purpose. Fagged, yet quieted somewhat in spirit, I reached my lodging again about eight o’clock at night. A post card stood against the foot of my lamp. I saw that it was Mac’s writing. I turned the other side and read these words, “Syed Ameer Khaldoun’s book on India, also.”

India! I could hardly touch the food they put on the table before me. And yet there was nothing like a definite thought in my mind—nothing, only the sense of a far-off background that I was afraid to examine, a background of outrage and blood and horizon-flames tonguing the distant skies; and against this background I would see, all the time, Mac Gillicuddy’s brooding face, his top-heavy brow, his pursed lips, his gloomy eyes!

III

I had just settled down of an evening three weeks later on to resume the reading of Tate’s ill-advised book on Kitchener in the Soudan when the Colonel was announced. I couldn’t take my eyes from his face. He had changed, he had aged, withered, but these changes I might have looked for: he was verging on the middle age, and his life had been a hard one. It was not these changes in him that held me in wonder: it was a certain expression that would come across his face, chilling the air; and I could feel that he had somehow come on new standards and that he was now judging the world by them: at such times I would halt midway in a sentence, hoping he would not guess the conclusion I had intended! And often, until his whole face looked distorted, his right eyebrow would climb up his forehead, slowly, slowly; and the eye itself, so exposed, would then glare mercilessly into one’s very brain! His very appearance disturbed me deeply. He did not speak of India or Egypt; his mind was too full, at the moment, of Drogheda and Wexford. Every detail of Cromwell’s (or as he had taken to pronouncing the name, Crom’ell’s) massacres in these places, he had amassed, sifted, examined and arranged; and I could see that by dint of brooding on them, the terrible scenes, the locale of which he had been so familiarizing himself with, had become alive for him, were burning as fiercely before his inner eye as if, like a poet, he had created them out of some central theme of human vileness. Noting how he would linger, involuntarily I was sure, on certain incidents—the killing of infants in the crypts of St. Peter’s Church in Drogheda, or the dragging with ropes of an old priest over the cobble stones—noting his rigid air of concentration at these moments, I could feel that the energy of his mind was exactly that of a poet’s in the throes of creation: he was, I was certain, in the midst of passionate confusion, blood was flowing beneath his eyes, steaming, and the odour of it was in his nostrils.

I was really glad when, at two in the morning, he rose to go.

IV

The next morning he called to tell me that he was starting at once for Kerry. Cromwell, I gladly recollect, had never visited Kerry, and I remember I said, “ ‘Tis the very place for you—a charming land, wild, romantic, yet gentle somehow, with mild winds from the sea. Besides, it is the home of the Mac Gillicuddys.”

"Yes; I have been told they were a branch of the O'Sullivans."

"That is so."

I was glad to find him in so contained a mood. I expected he would satisfy himself with south Kerry, with Kenmare, or Waterville, or Killarney itself, with its magnificent Macgillicuddy Reeks, the mountain land of his ancestors; but a few days later I had a few lines from him from Ballyferriter, which is in the north. Ballyferriter, he informed me, means the Town of the Ferriters, an old Norman family; and then he added: "In Killarney I visited Cnoc-na-gCaorach (the Hill of the Sheep) where Pierce Ferriter, the warrior poet, the prince who was head of the clan, was hanged, a priest on one side, a bishop on the other, in the time of Cromwell." I could not help muttering, "Still harping on his Cromwell"; but I read on: "From my bedroom window here I can see the whole of Smerwick Harbour; as I write the moon is shining on Dunanore."

Smerwick! Dunanore!—And not another word, only the two names—two names that I had almost forgotten. It was not for nothing he had gone to Ballyferriter! I could picture his gloomy eyes looking out on the still waters of that haunted bay. I should have gone with him.

The very next morning I had a letter from him which was, to say the least of it, incoherent. It puzzled me. There were lines in it, dashed down I could see, about Sir Walter Raleigh, about Lord Grey—terrible judgments; then there were homely phrases: "Among the Irish-speaking people of this place I find the word for sixpence is *raol*, which surely is the Spanish word *real*." Then following right on that: "I hear screams in the dead night," and then, "Why does one become sometimes and quite suddenly possessed of a wild gaiety in such spots?" Every sentence in the letter, all but two, was quite intelligible, but as a whole it was without sequence: it was no more to be understood than the broken phrases a soldier, after a day of battle, flings from him in his restless sleep. It happened that I had just been reading Mügge's "Life of Nietzsche," and I recollect how he tells that the incoherency of the philosopher's letters was the first hint his friends had of his approaching madness. I grew suddenly afraid. I picked up a time-table, and in less than an hour I was journeying toward Dingle, which is the nearest station to Ballyferriter.

V

For December it was a day of wondrous mildness, and never were any waters so limpid and beautiful in colour. They fell on the golden sands in just one long wave, that caught the mellow tints of the sky as it rose and broke lazily in foam. To our right, a black stump of a ruined stronghold stood a little way back from the waters. The Colonel pointed it out to me, and told me how it had belonged to the Fitzgeralds, when they were over-lords of all this land, and how one of them, when nearing his end, had asked to be raised up so that his last vision might be the waters of his beloved bay. The Colonel spoke in a wistful tone, and I began to hope that this quiet country of St. Brendan and many another life-forsaking hermit—so far from the turmoil of the world—might again win him to peacefulness. But the next moment, standing where San Josephy's Spaniards, three hundred years ago, had made their fight, he was, with an edge on his voice, pointing out to me the traces of the fort they had thrown up, and was showing me where Raleigh butchered the whole 800 of them to death, they having first surrendered to him their arms. Feeling that edge on his voice, I drew him unsuspectingly from the spot, and kept him pacing by the lisping and breaking waters almost till midnight, hoping that by first tiring out his body the great peace of the wide moonlight night might the more surely win upon his spirit.

I had just got into bed with a certain flattering thought that my ruse had not quite failed, when I heard him tapping hurriedly at my door. Before I was half dressed he was in the room.

"Look! Look!" He had flung up my window, his hand

was stretched into the night: when I drew to his side I could see it trembling. Beyond it, was all the sweep of the bay, dreamy-looking in the moon, and quiet slopes of shadow were laid upon the hills. But, of course my eyes were fixed on that spit of land where Raleigh had done his slaughtering, for toward that the trembling moon-white hand, as I instinctively knew, was fiercely stretched.

"Ah, my God! my God!" he was breathing, and I could feel his limbs trembling. "Horrible! horrible! horrible!"

"What? what?" I said.

"The cries, the cries," he whispered. I could, by the sound of his voice, tell that there was no natural moisture left in his mouth; it was scarcely speech that came from him. He was hanging on to me, and his trembling shook me. Could it be possible that he was beholding in vision the murdering of 800 defenceless men? saw it as an artist would—in vivid groupings of destroyer and destroyed?

I peeped at him. His teeth were chattering, and his hands clutched my shoulders heavily, as if his legs were giving way; he was shrinking back from what he was glaring at. Yet the only sounds to be heard from outside were some sea-fowl quarrelling above a school of sprats (as I took it) in the mouth of the bay—sharp cries or melancholy, long-drawn and wailing. Was it these cries that were playing havoc with him? I felt my own ears greedily gathering them in, I felt myself yielding to them, I found them taking on some strange hurry and wildness. Bah! I shook myself. But he was trying to speak, and I thought it was the word "cries" I again heard.

"Rather inadequate," I flung out preevishly, thinking, perhaps, to break the spell that was on him; the cries of the sea birds just then were very far away, and indeed, not unpleasant in the still night. How could anyone mix them up with the wild screaming of a massacre? But I had tugged at some tightened nerve in him. He leaped from me, back into the room, and the heaviness of weakness was gone from him. He was now all nerve and sinew. He was glaring at me: "Inadequate! inadequate! That's just it." He spoke as if the problem of his life had been solved.

"Inadequate! Laughable! Laughable, when you think of the horror of it! It is that that makes one reckless in such businesses. Wild, inhuman (how he was glaring at me!)—delighted to give the edge of the sword on a grey pate, or a soft breast, or a child!—'I will make them squeal,' you say, you can't help saying it when the passion of slaughter is upon you, but you . . . you can't make them squeal—loud enough! and then, and then . . . my God! my God! Shut it! shut it! The curtains. Those also—Oh! my God! my God!"

He had flung himself on the bed, burying his face in the pillow. I knew he felt himself swooning off, dizzy; and seeing that he was beyond making any effort to get a grip of himself, I said no word to him, only gripped his limp hand firmly, firmly—there is no other medicine for such a crisis—until, little by little, the terror passed from him.

VI

. . . We left Ballyferriter the next day. To catch the first train from Dingle we had to leave in the dark of the morning, and dark it was, the moon having sunken. A curious thing happened: in a wild, lonely place near Lord Ventry's woodlands, groups of silent-moving figures began to pass us on the road. The whole country, as everybody knows, was disturbed at the time by groups of armed men raiding in the nights. I grew timid. "Who are these?" I whispered to the old driver.

"Whisht!" he snarled at me.

"But who are they?" I persisted.

"Tis little sense ye have, for an Irishman," he said. I then said: "Are they Sinn Feiners?"

"How would I know?" he growled at me.

The Colonel had caught the words, "Sinn Feiner," it seemed. He gripped the driver. "Halt awhile, driver," he said. "I want to see these men; I won't be long." He was just leaping from the car, when the driver, with some magic word he had, set the horse prancing. I

caught the Colonel's arm. "Are you mad?" I said to him.

"Mad!" and he flung his head up; the horse was still rebelliously dancing along the road.

"Yes, mad," the driver shot at him; "them fellows would destroy you, and the likes of them clothes on your back!" The Colonel was still in khaki. The figures had vanished. We were recklessly rushing along through places where there was not the faintest glimpse of light of any kind upon the road.

VII

When I had him seated in the train I began to think of the remedy I would try. Since he was haunted by the vision of the reverse of the British Empire I would speak of its obverse. After all, one could make out a case for it. Had it not spread Christianity, I would say, into those wild lands, throwing some certain share of its wealth and its choicest children into the work? Then, its glorious pioneers—their gallant fortunes, their fame—might one quote of them:

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust!

Then I would attempt to show what a blessing those vast hinterlands are to a mother-country, how they are as a very sporting jungle for the younger sons who, remaining at home, must gamble away the estates. Lastly, I would speak of the stream of wealth that has been for centuries flowing into England itself from those seemingly inexhaustible sources. Of that one could speak with confidence. . . . So I would speak to him; but I would not begin yet awhile, for he was sunken into some deep reverie: he had not yet quite shaken off his wild visions of the night.

We stopped at a little place called Emlough, if I remember right, and resuming our journey I made an attempt to speak: but he raised his hand, motioning me to silence. Soon afterwards a crowd of English soldiers, very tired-looking, armed to the teeth, got into our carriage, and I thought I saw the Colonel shudder. To start, with a colonel, a discussion on the two sides, the glory and the shame of the British Empire, in a carriage full of soldiers, might lead to the most unimaginable results, as things were just then, so I was forced to hold my peace. And these soldiers kept us company until we reached home! I could see that their presence had made Mac Gillicuddy very excited. And there were other incidents as well to play upon him. In Tralee we saw groups of armed policemen lining the main street; presently we saw military motor-lorries bringing some Sinn Fein prisoners to trial—young lads: they stood daringly upright in the hooded wagons, with bare steel all round them. We noticed how the people moved quickly through the streets in a sort of gloomy silence, peering into the hooded wagons as they passed in quick succession.

It was dark night when we reached the city. The next day I would make my first attempt to win Mac Gillicuddy from that fixed idea that was ruining his mind.

VIII

We were weary. I threw myself into a deep chair. The Colonel seated himself at the table, opened the evening paper he had bought at the door as we entered, and became engrossed in it, it seemed. Presently he rose. "Pardon," he said carelessly, and went out, the paper still in his hand.

He spoke so calmly, as if by having at last made up his mind on some definite plan, he had crushed his excitement into quiescence, that I thought of questioning him as soon as he returned. But there was no sign of his returning! I went seeking him at once, with a growing agitation in my mind. He was nowhere in the house. Without a moment's delay I was rushing through the streets, sharply peering at all that I met or overtook. The streets were crowded and uneasy. As in Tralee and Dingle they were swarming with squads of soldiers with their helmets and packs on them; and batches of heavily-coated policemen, with white, strained faces, went silently and swiftly about whatever business they had on hand. Military motors and

military lorries were recklessly tearing through the dimly-lit darkness. The people seemed hurrying too, and silent.

For fully three hours I dived hither and thither through wide and narrow streets—through squares lit by arc lamps and through filthy passages where there were no lamps of any kind. In an alley way a poor beggar man was singing; his hair was long and matted, he had a thick, unkempt beard, he wasn't four feet in height, an old overcoat that he was wearing soaked water from the muddy ground. Yet he was singing heartily, and the name, Ireland, was in every line:

'Tis Ireland, 'tis beautiful Ireland,
Ireland, the gem of the sea,
Oh, my heart is at home in old Ireland,
And I wish that old Ireland was free.

He had a pair of nigger's bones in his right hand, he flourished them to the rhythm. I don't think I should have noticed him, but in three different places I came on him that night. I began to think in the end that maybe he was not a beggar man at all.

Exhausted, I again reached my lodgings in the market-square; how wide, free and airy it was after the narrow streets! The moon held half of it in a white still light; the other half was black with shadow, in which a few odd lamp-lit windows glimmered very warm and mellow, contrasting with the wan moonlight.

"My friend has not returned?"

"No, sir; there is no trace of him. Johnny, here, saw him going out."

"Well, send in whatever you have; I'm fainting."

"Yes, sir; and there's the paper."

I had little mind for it, but as it lay there on the table, I saw in scare head-lines:

Massacre at Amritsar!
2000 Indians Shot Down by the English.
500 Killed Outright.

There was little other information except the name, General Dyer. I must confess I did not cast one thought on those murdered Indians, nor on their murderers; my one thought was Mac Gillicuddy. This was the news he had been so intent upon; it was this dreadful story, come so pat upon its hour, that had sent him out—and he had gone so calmly out! Though the paper trembled in my hand, my weariness had fallen from me. I was sweaty and cold, yet anxious to be up and doing; the shock those three lines of print had given me had called out those reserves of spirit that in such moments so dominate the mere body. "I must find him," I said. I swallowed some cups of tea, one after another, and rose up to make again for the streets.

At that moment I heard steps on the stairs, and in flung Mac Gillicuddy himself, quickly and nervously! An appalling wistfulness was in his features, his eyes were wide and pale, his lips weak. He threw himself into a deep chair and buried his head in his hands. And these hands, too, seemed so pale, long-fingered, sweaty! "What has happened?" I said.

Without removing his hands from his face he shook his head. He wouldn't speak. Meanwhile, outside, the whole city seemed to have gone into riot; that it was in train for it I had noticed in my rushing through it. The tramp, tramp of soldiers went by, the rattling of their horses and wagons. Far away a rebelsong was being sung firmly and defiantly. Suddenly we heard cries and screams, and hundreds of voices: "Release the man, release him!" "Shame on ye, ye—" "Shame!" "Shame!" "Shame!"

I listened to it all, still staring at the broken figure sunken into the chair. Again I heard the cries, "Release him, release him!" and "Let him go, ye—." And then all the cries, shouts, running, singing, seemed to gather up into one long, loud, triumphant roar. I leaped to the window, I saw a great crowd below, a group of policemen in the centre, buffeted by the people, and a wild, squirming little figure in their grasp—my little ballad-singer, I thought. They were all in the moonlight; but a different crowd were surging into the square from a far-

off angle, singing; and it was their coming that had caused the cheering. The little prisoner squirmed more than ever, and at last the policemen had to let him go. They then formed up into a dense mass, and began to fight their way back toward the opening they had come from. All was confusion; stones began to fly through the air, glass was broken. Little knots of people stood still, clutching one another, and others began to whirl around the knots, like currents in a rock-strewn river. Presently, other shouts, yells and screams, screams of terror, arose in another corner of the square; very shrill, they were, very high-pitched; and at once the whole crowd broke into a wild stampede: an armoured car had entered from a side street at a tearing rate and was encircling the square; the place emptied itself in a flick of time, lay again open to the moonlight and to the broad shadows. Still the car tore around it, circling it three times. At last it stood still. At its first coming Mac Gillicuddy had dragged himself wearily to my side; together we had watched its antics; now we were staring speechless at it, as it stood there, throbbing in the moonlight in a pool of shadow; it seemed to look around to see where next it should make a spring. We saw two young heads rise above it. They laughed. They spoke. If Mac Gillicuddy caught the words, I did not; but he raced from the room as if struck by a whip. I leaped after him. I flew down the stairs. He banged through the glass doors. I opened them. I saw him making headlong for the car. The two heads turned toward him. Then down they went. He leaped at the car, crying out—I know not what. A succession of revolver shots rang out, seemed to fly everywhere. Then the car blew a cloud of smoke and moved. He was all limbs, right in front of it. I could see nothing for a moment—only a lifting cloud. Then in, beneath, that little cloud I saw a figure crawling slowly on all fours, like a beast, stupidly, heavily—a most ridiculous posture. It only went a little way, when down it flopped, kissing the ground—and all the time the car circled the square. It swerved to escape the bundle that now lay in its path, and then shot swiftly out of sight by the side street it had entered from. There, in the middle of the moonlight, lay Mac Gillicuddy, dead, with his secrets.

It seems he had gone to the Sinn Fein headquarters and laid certain plans before them for the wrecking of the British Empire, offering his services in the carrying out of them. They would not listen to him. It was then he returned to me, a man who had suddenly given way to despair.

He sleeps in Muckross Abbey. Hundreds of other Mac Gullicuddys—soldiers also—sleep there, too. Considering the story of his life, the manner of his swift death, it is curious to try to imagine how those old Gaelic warriors received him, their kinsman. With aloofness? or with kindly welcome?

I, who knew him so well, I can picture him only as a poor abashed and tongue-tied figure, shrinking away from their hard gazing, their fierce brows. May he rest in peace!

DANIEL CORKERY.

A CHANGE OF ROAD-POSTS.

I

THE Russian mind has not become Westernized, in spite of two centuries of a more or less consistent Petrine policy, in spite of the inroads of Western capitalism and industry, in spite of the triumphs of Marxian socialism. If we reduce the old, but still unsettled conflict between Westerners and Slavophils to the question whether Russia is to follow the way of all Occidental flesh or her own peculiar road, the result will appear favourable to the Slavophils. In the present alignment of Russia's intellectual forces the only Westerners are to be found among the Cadets and the Mensheviks. Struve and Miliukov in the name of liberalism, Martov and Abramovich in the name of socialism, maintain that the salvation of their coun-

try lies in its adherence to the ways and laws of Western progress. In the centre, between the extreme Westerners and Slavophils, must be placed the Bolsheviks—synthetic because they are the only active, practical element. Despising "grey theory," and preferring the "green, golden tree of life," the pliable Bolsheviks have experimented in an amalgam of Jacobinism-Marxism-Bakuninism-Tkachovism, with a marked predominance of "peculiarly Russian" elements. On the extreme Right we find the Last Mohicans of autocracy, the *émigré* Monarchists who pray for the resurrection of holy Russia through the return of the Tsar and the restoration of the autochthonous Russian institutions (of Byzantine-Tartar origin). The Socialist-Revolutionists of the Right, though still professing the traditional views of the anti-Marxian *Narodnichestvo*, have moved so perceptibly towards the Cadets that one speaks of Miliukov-Avksentiev as of political twins. Before long this party will live on its glorious past alone, and will have become, for practical purposes, a negligible quantity. Its vigour and significance have passed to the Socialist-Revolutionists of the Left. The latter oppose the Bolsheviks for their opportunism, concessions to capitalism, and non-Russian ways. Among their poets and philosophers are Andrey Byely, the late Alexander Blok, Ivanov-Razumnik, and other "Scythians." Nearest to the Bolsheviks, among the non-Communist intelligentsia, is the group known by the name of their weekly organ, *Smiena Viekh*—Change of Road-posts. This variety of modern Slavophils deserves especial attention.

II

The *Smienoviekhovtsy* (Change of Road-postists) are characteristic representatives of the intelligentsia—if only by their fearless self-analysis. Nearly all of them had taken part in anti-Bolshevik campaigns; some of them were Ministers in Kolchak's Government, others aided Denikin. To-day they advocate the support of the Soviet regime. They have come to their present position through heavy trials and profound searchings of heart. Russia has known instances of courageous public recantations on the part of her best sons—Belinsky, Bakunin, Herzen, Tikhomirov. Professors Kluchnikov, Ostryalov, Lukyanov, the prominent attorney Bobrishchev-Pushkin, and the other initiators of the "Change of Road-posts" group, are continuing the traditional policy of the intelligentsia—honesty with oneself, freedom from party bonds and doctrines, and the courage to admit one's errors. It is worth noting that their group is growing in importance and in numbers, both in the Diaspora and in Russia.

III

"We are going to Canossa, i.e., we admit that we have lost the game, that we have taken the wrong road, that our actions and calculations were erroneous." But while doing penance, S. Chakhotin and his confrères do not regret their former activity, for their struggle against Soviet Russia has been salutary, and out of it they have emerged chastened, humble, and enlightened. The intelligentsia needed the terrible lesson, the fratricidal war, in order to understand the real Russian people, not the *Narod* which the leaders idealized and worshipped as long as it seemed to be made in their own image. When, in October, 1917, the masses rejected the guidance of the Liberals and the moderate Socialists, and took a heterodox way, the intelligentsia felt "offended," and made an effort to force their wise leadership on the recalcitrant *Narod*. The armies of Denikin and Kolchak attracted these impractical

idealists, who were willing to sacrifice themselves, but who, as Professor Kluchnikov says, overlooked the right sacrifice that was required from them. "You know far better how to die than how to live," said Jean Jaurès to the Russian socialists, and his judgment might be applied not to the Russian socialists alone. It took years of fighting under the banners of the white saviours of Russia to convince the intelligentsia that they had backed the wrong horse. When Bobrashchev-Pushkin fled from Soviet Russia to Denikin, he "worshipped the Volunteer army and the Tricolour." Having witnessed the wholesale executions, massacres, corruption and mismanagement, and the other features of the White regime, he writes: "My former faith in this regime, everything which I wrote and did in the South for the sake of helping this order in the measure of my power, will for ever remain my saddest recollection, the most grievous mistake of my life." He quotes approvingly the verdict of the rank and file, that one has only to follow the Whites for a while in order to become a Red.

IV

The "Change of Road-posts" group begin by accepting the October revolution. The March revolution passed under eighteenth-century watchwords, hence it was one hundred years behind the times. With the fall of the monarchy, as Bobrashchev-Pushkin says, "Russia at once, within a few months of the Provisional Government, leaped across all those illusions of the democratic order which Europe has been outliving for the last hundred years. Russia found herself as much ahead of the Western nations, as she had been behind them." Russia could not have stopped with the March revolution, because Russia has always eschewed compromise and spurned the golden mean, even while darting from one extreme to the other. The Russian revolution had to be a great revolution, or none at all; and this the *Smienoviekhovtsy* have come to recognize. They have come to see that the intelligentsia as a social force can succeed and thrive only under the condition of a triumphant revolution. "By a triumphant revolution," as Kluchnikov puts it, "one has to understand the one that is going on at present, which has revealed in all their breadth Russia's revolutionary potentialities and Russia's revolutionary desires." The intelligentsia are gradually acquiring that musical ear, for which Alexander Blok, the Scythian Slavophil, prayed on his lonely peak: "With all your body, with all your heart, with all your consciousness—listen to the revolution."

V

The year 1920 was crucial for the intelligentsia. They were obliged to face the Polish aggression and the Wrangel adventure. The advance of Pilsudski's army through the South-west of Russia, and the fall of Kiev into their hands, aroused a genuine outburst of Russian patriotism, the very existence of which had been doubted. General Brusilov initiated the transfer of the old army officers to the Red army. Abroad, Professor Ostryaylov struck the first note of a revulsion of feeling, on patriotic grounds, for the Bolsheviks. The appearance of the Red army under the walls of Warsaw caused every Russian heart, not hopelessly embittered against the new order, to beat with joy; and it was just then that Baron Wrangel advanced from the South, obliging the Red army to retreat from the Polish frontier and conclude a hurried armistice in order to check the redoubtable White saviour.

It had dawned upon the intelligentsia that Soviet Russia, rather than the Interventionists, represents the

cause of patriotism and nationality. The *Smienoviekhovtsy* advance, among other reasons for supporting the present Government, the fact that it has been the only one since the fall of the Tsar in a position to consolidate the State, to repulse all of its many enemies, and to re-establish the international dignity of Russia. They further credit the Soviet Government with having crushed anarchy and maintained order. Y. N. Potyekhin characterizes the Government of Prince Lvov as Oblomovism—good-natured, lordly lackadaisicalness and indecision; the regime of Kerensky, as Tolstoyanism—will-less non-resistance—it "can not be silent," but neither can it act"; under Lenin came Pugachovism, the merciless Russian jacquerie. The Soviet power proved strong enough to overcome the Oblomovism of the intelligentsia and to check the Pugachovism of the masses. The *Smienoviekhovtsy* admit the inevitability of a dictatorship in order to harness the revolutionary forces and control the anarchic, centrifugal tendencies. They rejoice in observing that, in spite of itself the Proletarian, International Government has served the State and the nation. To-day Professor Ostryaylov, formerly a follower of Kolchak, writes in this fashion:

Over the Winter Palace, which has once again acquired the proud countenance of a genuinely imperial majesty, floats impudently a red banner; over the Saviour's Gates, still presenting a profound historical-national sanctity, the ancient chimes play the 'International.' This may appear strange and painful for your eyes and ears, it may jar them; but, after all, a question involuntarily rises in the depths of your soul: Does the red flag deform the Winter Palace, or, on the contrary, does the Winter Palace lend beauty to the red flag? Does the 'International' pollute the Saviour's Gates with its blasphemous sounds, or do the Saviour's Gates instil by their Kremlin spirit a new meaning into the 'International'?

VI

"To work! Home! To our motherland!" This is the practical conclusion of the *Smienoviekhovtsy*. They are neither Communists nor Bolsheviks; and while they express their readiness to go to Canossa, they have not undergone any change of faith. In the new policy of Soviet Russia they see a pledge for a broader and more tolerant field of activity at home, their own field being mainly cultural. The home-coming of the intelligentsia signifies a resumption of their historical mission—that of being the nation's conscience and consciousness, never slumbering or acquiescing, ever criticizing, analysing, doubting, transvaluating. Non-political, non-partisan, Nonconformist, standing above and beyond party labels and limitations, an ethico-cultural entity, the intelligentsia are not a luxury but an essential element in Russian society.

Russia knows this. The sentiments of the "Change of Road-posts" group have found a lively echo in Soviet Russia. The official *Izvestiya* and party organs have greeted their return with joy. Trotzky has spoken publicly of the *Smienoviekhovtsy*, as of a gratifying symptom. The Petrograd "House of Writers" has devoted two evenings to discussing the questions aroused by this group. Nearly all of those who took part in the discussions were non-Communists, albeit typical representatives of the intelligentsia, authors and educators. Their speeches show that they differ from their brothers in exile mainly in tone. While the *Smienoviekhovtsy* speak with the emotion and ecstasy of neophytes, the Petrograd intelligentsia possess the serene calm of men who have gone through many fires and have bought their convictions at an enormous physical and spiritual price. The words of V. G. Tan (Bogoraz), the poet and ethnographer, speak volumes

in regard to the new intelligentsia and their descent from the clouds to terra firma:

The Descartian *Cogito, ergo sum* has outlived its time. The revolution has brought forth a new watchword: *Laboro, ergo sum.* To-day each one of us is his own gardener and plumber. And once I am a plumber, I have my power, my place, and my right.

The Soviet intellectuals have welcomed their strayed brethren while warning them of the tremendous difficulties, the material privations and mental humiliations which await them in the new life. To be sure, such warnings will not keep the intelligentsia abroad, for they have always yearned for suffering and sacrifice in the name of their ideal. Their modernized Slavophilism is another expression of that love for Russia which was voiced so long ago by Gogol:

Once a Russian learns to love Russia, he learns to love everything which is in Russia. Towards this love God Himself leads us. Were it not for the ailments and the sufferings which have accumulated in Russia in such a multitude, and of which we ourselves are the cause, we should not feel compassion for her. And compassion is the beginning of love. . . . Russia is our monastery! Put on, then, mentally the robe of a monk, and mortifying all of yourselves, for yourselves, but not for Russia, go forth and wrestle for her.

ALEXANDER KAUN.

THE DIARY OF A CASUAL LABOURER.

17 OCTOBER. About two hours before quitting-time one of the bosses came downstairs where I was working and sent me up to the second floor to work on the "battery-cells." These are large tanks holding about one thousand gallons, in which the beets, after they have been shredded by cutters, are cooked and the juice extracted out of which the sugar is made. They are in rows, about a dozen on each side of a long, narrow room. Only the tops of the tanks are above the level of the floor, the rest of them being on the lower floor; these tops are surrounded by air- and steam-pipes with large valves.

My job was to watch the "dumper," on the south side, and to help him as soon as I understood the work a little. He was a good sort and soon showed me the game. After a cell had been cooked long enough and the juice taken out, we then turned three large valves and two small ones, and rapped twice on the floor with a big iron wrench to signal the lower dumper that the cell was ready to be dumped. Then a hissing sound would come as the shredded beets, which looked like spaghetti, poured out of the tank. We then immediately turned a valve letting the back water into the tank to wash it out, and unscrewed the big jack on the top so that we could swing open the big iron cover. Then at a signal from below, we turned on the water in the large pipe which shot a stream down through the top of the tank, washing it out. When the water was near the top, we rapped twice to signal the lower dumper to let it out. As soon as one cell was cleaned we went on to the next.

When the shift went out at seven, I saw the timekeeper and tried to get some money out of him, as I only had a few cents left, but he said that he could do nothing for me, and that I would have to wait till the day-timekeeper came at eight o'clock. I waited around until nearly a quarter of nine, before the timekeeper showed up. Several other men had been waiting with me and we were all rather "peeved" at the timekeeper for being so late. He told us that he was not allowed to make out checks on Sunday, but he gave those of us who were broke an order on a restaurant for food; mine was on a near-by café, and I went there right away as I was very hungry.

One of the men on my shift told me that I could get a cot at the Salvation Army hall for twenty-five cents. So when I had finished a hearty breakfast, I went over to the hall where I found a large, severe-looking, elderly woman in charge. I asked her for a place to sleep, telling her that I could not pay for a couple of days until I drew some wages. She took me downstairs into the

basement, where there were a couple of sleeping-rooms and a bathroom. The larger of the rooms held eight or ten cots while the other held four. I took a cot in the latter, as that seemed to be the best place to sleep in in the daytime. I went to bed at once and slept till about eight o'clock that evening.

After I had eaten a meal and had found that the public library was not open, it being Sunday evening, I returned to the Salvation Army hall to see if I could find a place there where I could read. As I approached the place, I heard a great commotion going on inside. A band was playing and people were singing and shouting, "Praise the Lord," "Hallelujah," and other similar expressions. I went inside and took a seat. Twenty-five or thirty people were at the meeting, about a dozen of them being men and women in the uniform of the Salvation Army. A little man, who seemed to be the head of the Salvation Army in Billings, was conducting the meeting from a raised platform, upon which the band, consisting of three or four members, were seated. The little man, who had a peculiar smile and a very loud voice, would start singing, the band would pick up the air and the little audience would join in. After the hymn had been sung a couple of times, the singing would stop and the little man—I believe he was an Adjutant—called on members of the audience to express their feelings. At this, two or three people rose in turn and said, "I thank the Lord that I was able to see the light and that I am with you to-night." "Praise the Lord for my salvation, and may he permit me to show others the way to their salvation." The Adjutant would break in upon these statements with a fervent "Praise the Lord" or "Hallelujah." Then the singing would start again, and the whole process would be repeated. Presently a collection was taken and I threw in my last four pennies. When the money had been collected, the Adjutant began to preach a sermon in a very loud voice, none of which I can now remember, as his points were not very striking. Then the meeting broke up and the little man came off the platform to shake hands with the people. When he came up to me, he asked, "Are you on the Lord's side?" and I answered, "Yes," adding, "though I am not in the Salvation Army." "That's all right," he returned, "just so you are looking for God."

After the meeting, I joined the man who had told me I could get a cot at the Salvation Army—he is also sleeping here—and we walked over to the sugar-factory together. As we walked, we talked about the present state of things, and I found out that he, too, is an I. W. W. He seemed not to be as intelligent as the other Wobblies I have met, but he had a few good ideas.

To-night I was put in charge of the cells on the north side, while the man who had instructed me last night looked after those on the south. I got along all right, but it was very hot, wet work, and I was very glad when quitting-time came.

18 OCTOBER. This morning, after we were through with the night's work, a couple of men and I who were broke, went through a great deal of red tape in order to draw out a little money. We waited till a little after eight for the day-timekeeper to show up, and then he told us that we must get an order from the superintendent before we could get any money. When we had the superintendent's order, we had to go to the cashier, who kept us waiting until it was after nine before we were able to leave the factory and go up town to cash our checks. Most of the \$4.00 that I drew, I spent on odds and ends that I badly needed, so I was soon almost broke again. On returning to the Salvation Army hall, I washed most of my one outfit of clothes before going to bed. I did not walk to the factory with my I. W. W. companion to-night as he had quit his job the evening before. He had been helping to dump on the south side, but he didn't like the heat and the strenuousness of the job, so he gave it up.

To-night the man who had been dumping regularly on the north side was back, so I was given an all-around job in the cell-room. First I sat on a box and helped a boy who was managing the clutches of the machines that cut

the beets into shreds. After that I relieved the other men in the room, except the cell-foreman, while they went out one at a time to supper.

The dumper on the north side, whose place I had taken the night before, proved to be a boy who used to live in Indianapolis. He had gone to Indiana University for two years and had become a professional baseball-player after leaving the army. At present he was inspecting construction-work for the town of Billings in the daytime and working the night-shift at the sugar-factory at night. He managed to get in about six hours sleep, as he worked only six hours on his regular job in the daytime.

19 OCTOBER. I got up at two o'clock this afternoon, ate a good meal, and went over to the factory to get in an extra shift, as I needed money. But the superintendent turned me down, which made me rather peevish, as I knew one man who was working two shifts every day, and I almost asked for my time right there. I remembered my low financial state, however, and decided that I had better work one more shift before leaving. So instead of working I took a walk around the town. When I got back it was about six o'clock and I spent my last fifteen cents in buying some writing paper and envelopes.

POWERS HAPGOOD.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

A SONG OF THE WINDS.

I used to go on windy days
Where many birds were light along the sea,
And, light as wings down watery ways,
The winds were wandering free
That blew the nights and blew the days,
And clouds and ships and birds and me.

Lost are the early winds that caught me,
Low are the winds that used to blow so high;
Leaving the calm that bitter years have taught me;
Only the peace remains that comes to men who die . . .
Joy was an early wind and wonder,
Love was a wind that lifted me on wings;
Far is the rim they all have drifted under,
Faint is their melody that wanders back and sings:

*"I used to go on windy days
Where many birds were light along the sea,
And, light as wings down watery ways,
The winds were wandering free
That blew the nights and blew the days,
And clouds and ships and birds and me."*

THE ACTOR'S PROLOGUE.

Once more the mimicry begins
With its compounded heritage—
Of hopes, of fears, of sorrows and of sins.
Once more a little stage
Pretends to hold symmetrical a play,
Pointed by art, or rounded, or made square,
While all the time not here on the stage but there
With you proceeds the authentic play.
And each of you, a player,
Day after day,
Performs behind a curtaining breast
Some part which we make partly manifest.

We, too, are living stranger plays than these
And wearing, or off-stripping in some inner room,
Life's mask of mimicries;
But in this rôle of scapegoat we assume,
Besides our own, your solaces, your sins,
Your worst, your best.

And, therefore, whether we appear to jest
Or to be solemn, we request
That you let first your eyes and ears and then your hands
attest
Our humanness—if we speak true
Some accent of that deeper play containing you.

WITTER BYNNER.

MISCELLANY.

I SPENT a day in Boston last week, looking at the work achieved by John Singer Sargent in the dome of the rotunda in the Museum of Fine Arts. It can not be said that the rotunda is in itself a thing of beauty. Its lines are certainly not classical. Imagine a great staircase leading to a wide portal which enters upon an elliptical hall, where four piers, separated by arches, support a dome crowned with a glass roof. From the top of the piers to the roof, four wide ribs separate the main sections over the arches, each section containing a large elliptical canvas. Within the compass of each rib there are four different compositions: at the top, a relief of two boys; then a medallion; then an open relief, and at the bottom a framed bas-relief. The dominant tones of colour in the canvases are light blues for the background and soft golds and yellows for the figures and the draperies. The flesh-colouring is subdued, and each figure depends for its effect on the vitality of the drawing. There are no heightened effects, no striving after the glowing and the robust. All is harmonious and each figure tells its own story. There is a totality of presentation that gives one a sense of quiet satisfaction.

ON entering the rotunda one sees a large canvas of Pallas Athene protecting three figures, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, from the ravages of Time. Athene, with cloak and shield, not only protects her children from the scythe-bearer, but also hides his form from them so that they are not conscious of his presence. The figure of Sculpture is a man, the mallet in his right hand. He leans heavily on the figure of Architecture, a woman, the elbow of his left arm resting solidly on her right leg, over which Sculpture rests his left leg. Painting, the figure of a woman with palette and brushes in hand, leans serenely on Architecture. This panel is framed in relief, so deftly executed that it appears to be an integral part of the composition; a rare thing in frames. Such is the first panel which greets one on entering the rotunda. It conveys the whole message of Sargent, the co-ordination of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting; and it conveys it with consummate artistry.

IN the associated rib next to this panel, Astronomy, the figure of a woman, is leaning against a circlet of the signs of the zodiac; then Arion on the back of a dolphin; and in the framed bas-relief, the three Graces. The next large canvas represents Classical and Romantic Art. Apollo, Pan and Orpheus, with two female figures standing apart, make up this group. Apollo is in a half-sitting posture upon a tripod, his foot resting upon the wing of a swan. Orpheus, erect, a youthful figure grasping a lyre, is singing. Behind Apollo there are shafts of golden light. It is a daring, yet a noble conception, showing the transcendence of classical beauty and strength over the sentimental and ephemeral characteristics of the Romantic, which is typified by a nude female figure leaning against a robed woman denoting Romantic Poetry. The figure of Pan typifies the Classical, and gives to this group its fundamental significance. Pan reclines easily upon the earth; all the other figures have their feet on the clouds. This picture is a revelation of Mr. Sargent's own mind, inasmuch as it indicates quite clearly what he regards to be the classical beginnings of Art.

NEXT to this canvas, in the rib, is a medallion showing Prometheus chained to the rock, the vulture at his vitals; lower down, Achilles astride the Centaur, learning the use of bow and arrow. The framed bas-relief is of Aphrodite standing in a shell, plucking an arrow from her quiver to give to Eros, who is in flight close behind her. Facing the canvas which represents Classical and Romantic Art there is a group of Apollo and the Muses, so rich in beauty of conception that it surpasses anything done by the Pre-Raphaelites. Apollo, the central figure on a disk, with a halo behind his head and a lyre in the left hand, stands with his right arm extended in a gesture of delight, the Muses dancing in a circle around him. The rhythm and vitality of this group can not easily be described; its

note of joy makes an appeal which is irresistible. For symmetry and grace, for ease in grouping, for significance of message, one would have to go a long way to find its counterpart. It is Greek in conception and treatment.

In the rib next to this canvas there is a medallion of Music, a female figure with violin and bow; then an open relief of Satyr and Mænad; and below, the framed bas-relief of three dancing figures. The fourth large canvas represents the Sphinx and the Chimera. At first sight it seems to be out of place, but as one observes it quietly for a time, letting its significance bear in upon one, it slowly reveals itself as a symbol. Only the Sphinx knows the meaning of all the chimeras which disturb humanity. Here we have a smiling Sphinx, a Sphinx whose eyes look Chimera straight in the face, unaframed, undisturbed—and that is the way we should regard legend, accepting it with a smile and appreciating its beauty, confident that what is beautiful can do no harm. Chimera is the figure of a winged woman in full downward flight, dropping close with wings outstretched over the face of the Sphinx; and it is Chimera at liberty, for she has burst her ankle-chains asunder in her desire to learn from the Sphinx why she has never been understood.

In the fourth rib we have a medallion representing Ganymede carried off by Zeus in the form of an eagle. The open relief is Fame in flight, blowing a trumpet; and the framed bas-relief represents Eros and Psyche. These framed bas-reliefs are such excellent representations of the great Greek period that there is danger of their being overlooked, just as there is also, on the other hand, a danger of the enthusiast being carried away by the beauty of their design. Their scheme is quite big enough for a distinct place by itself; but when one considers that they are only a part of the design of the rotunda one is filled with amazed delight at the bounty of the artist's mind. Here Sargent appears as a sculptor of extraordinary gifts.

THE unique character of Sargent's great work must perhaps be held in part, at least, accountable for the reticence with which it has been received. It may very well be that those who are disposed to revolutionize art are disinclined to spend an hour on a work which symbolizes the glory of the past. Our ultra-modernists are singularly without reverence, and a sense of reverence—something of the fine spirit of approach which inspires Sargent himself, as architect, sculptor and painter—is necessary if one is to apprehend this conception of beauty which links us once again with the classical. It is a crowning achievement; each panel and plaque, each relief and medallion, is like the leaf of a laurel wreath woven for a master painter! It is, perhaps, too early for anyone to do justice to the particulars of the work, to its multifarious detail. We can only regard it as an ensemble, and enjoy the totality of effect in a scheme which for harmony and rhythm is so far beyond anything that has been attempted in modern days that one can not help but feel that the impossible has been accomplished, the impossible task of surmounting the obstacles presented by an age of machine-made efficiency. Here time has not governed execution; one gathers a sense of the leisure that makes for perfection. The theory must have been conceived with easy delight, and the composition arranged with calm, deliberate satisfaction. It is so rarely that one can behold a work by a modern master which denotes such reverence for the past, and communicates the joy to be found in legend—legend which makes all ages akin. In our day when the ultra-modernist is supposed to be a heretic, desiring nothing better than a new beginning, a severing of all bonds that hold us to the past, it is inspiriting to find the master painter of our day memorializing the great classical past in terms that are unmistakable.

How long it is since we had a scheme so important as this, combining architecture, sculpture and painting, conceived by one master mind and executed by one master hand! There is nothing here that has not been touched

and animated by Sargent's skill. The reliefs as well as the canvases are his, and the impression that grows upon the thoughtful observer is pre-eminently that of essential unity. Some day an appreciative critic will tell us what Sargent has here done in painting and sculpture to make dexterous, pulsating, nimble characters out of mere human hands and feet. What time will do with the colours of the scheme is hard to tell; everything of it is as yet so fresh, is so delicate and soft, the tones relying so much on the grouping for the impression to be conveyed. But who can doubt that time will deal with this great scheme as it has dealt with his paintings, and that as the years pass, we shall see the same mellow tone and richness come to the new work which we have seen come to all that of his early and middle period.

JOURNEYMAN.

ART.

THE LIVING PAST.

SCHOLARSHIP in this country (as indeed in Europe) has too often been marred by the absence of systematic methods of study, on the one hand, and by the narrowness of the specialists, on the other. The career of Professor Josef Strzygowski of Vienna, who has recently delivered some lectures in this country, furnishes one of the best examples of the kind of development we need. His work has at all times been based on the exhaustive study of a special period of art, but while searching out the details essential to the establishment of a thesis, he has never overlooked the fact that the highest value of the historian's task lies in the general truths which his work enables him to reveal. Take such of his works as the "Cimabue" (1887), the famous "Orient oder Rom?" (1901), the "Kleinasiens" (1903), "Die Baukunst der Armenier und Europa" (1903), "Altai-Iran und die Völkerwanderung" (1917), "Der Ursprung der Christlichen Kirchenkunst" (1920) or the books on Mshatta or the Coptic antiquities at Cairo. In these books, he not only provides the reader with a rich store of facts, but he shows their relation to the history of art, to history in general, and to the religions and philosophies of the different races. While Professor Strzygowski's name is to-day associated mainly with Byzantium and the lands that contributed to its greatness; while he, more than any other man, has thrown light on a little-known and yet supremely important part of the world, the researches that have made possible this achievement are to the savant himself most valuable as steps in the evolution of a method through which we shall be able to see, as never before, human endeavour in its entirety. Many of the possibilities of such a method were indicated by Professor Strzygowski in his second lecture in this city, delivered a short time ago before the Archaeological Institute at Columbia.

Undoubtedly the one of Professor Strzygowski's books that has attracted most attention is "Orient oder Rom?" in which he discusses the question of the dominant influences in early Christian art, a question that was raised by Courajod twenty years earlier and was later treated by other historians. This book marks the turning-point in the discussion. Before its appearance, no one had effectively opposed the belief that an art of Roman origin had travelled eastward and made Byzantium, Antioch and Alexandria mere outposts of Roman culture. The all-important rebuttal of the argument for Rome was supplied by Strzygowski's studies in the culture of the Eastern lands. That he succeeded in establishing his position is evident from the words of Charles Diehl, who writes in his "Manuel de l'Art Byzantin": "If, on some points of detail, one can not share Strzygowski's ideas, one must recognize that, in

its ensemble, the doctrine he supports appears unassailable." Among much other testimony to the same effect, we may select the words with which Dr. Hermann Hieber opens his book on "Die Miniaturen des Frühen Mittelalters": "The aspect of the early Middle Ages has been completely changed. We see clearly to-day—thanks to the guidance we have had from Josef Strzygowski in Vienna—that the period is not built on Occidental-Roman foundations, but on those of the Orient."

It was with this question that Professor Strzygowski chiefly concerned himself in his first lecture, on Early Christian Art, delivered at the Metropolitan Museum. He described the evolution of his ideas—of his turning from Italy to Constantinople for light on the origins of Christian art, and of his finding there that his search had only begun. For, as the Oriental influences he found at Rome had made him set his face to the East, so, in the Byzantine remains in Constantinople and Asia Minor, he found evidences of a dominant influence, arising from still more remote sources. Back and forth he took his listeners at that lecture; now showing a lantern-slide of the beardless Christ of an early sarcophagus (the evident inheritor of the Hellenistic figures of Asia Minor); now the mosaics of Ravenna in which survivals of Mazdean (Zoroastrian) beliefs and art were traced back to our most ancient memories of Iran. A series of lantern-slides showing the ground-plans and structure of Armenian churches, afforded a striking comparison with similar churches in Italy and France—the earliest of their kind in the West. In each case, the earlier origin of the Oriental buildings showed that the essential ideas of Christian art had existed in the East from one to three or even four hundred years before they appeared in the West. Nay, more—the vitality of Sassanian Persia, recovering so much of the force and traditions of Mesopotamia, gave a more distinctly Oriental quality to the early art of the Christian communities than we had before suspected. The close connexion between Asia and Europe revealed by these studies is of the utmost importance in any consideration of the relationship between the East and the West.

With its exact documentation, the lecture at the Metropolitan Museum was a model of the systematic method of study which is a prerequisite for theories aiming to establish general truths. His second lecture, at Columbia, was an example of the other phase of Professor Strzygowski's work. While in no way relaxing the vigilance with which he accumulated the facts which serve as the basis of his ideas, he has to-day a wider vision than he had in the time when he originated his theories of early Christian art; and it was a prospect of really thrilling possibilities that he presented in this lecture on "Iranian Landscape in Northern Art."

Professor Strzygowski opened his lecture with a terse statement of his thesis: "There were originally two kinds of art." Showing a lantern-slide of the famous stele of Hegeso at Athens he continued:

The inhabitants of the South, both in Asia and Europe, based their art on the representation of living creatures, in order to assert their rights to possession in this world and the world to come. The man of the North, on the contrary, so far as he remained independent of the quickly advancing South, came to art by quite another way; the way of handicraft and ornament. Later only, when he began to avail himself of nature as a form, he did not begin with individual beings, but with the representation of nature as an entity, that is to say, with landscape.

On the screen, a modern landscape-painting then followed the Greek bas-relief, as illustrative of the "two kinds of art," which, as the speaker remarked, had

never before been thus contrasted. Here was a confrontation of the art of the South and the art of the North, a new confrontation of the Greeks and the Persians. It was, then, not merely two political or military powers that were opposed to each other, but two fundamentally different systems of thought: that of the people who, in the clear light of the South, placed man at the centre of the universe and made the gods in his image, and that of the people who, because their beliefs were based upon the primitive worship of the elements, were able to evolve the idea of landscape that plays so important a rôle in the formation of the Northern mind.

The extreme consequences of the distinction between the two kinds of art, established at the beginning of the lecture, soon became apparent in the pictures shown on the screen. In the first picture of this group, a mosaic of St. Luke from Ravenna, the figure of the evangelist was evidently derived from the Greeks. But now the figure is no longer seen against a flat panel of stone or a background of geometrical ornament. It is a figure in a landscape containing a series of rock-steps (which we were to see again and again in other pictures), a marsh, a hill, and some clouds. Whence do these new factors come? The religious significance of this and other pictures shown is Christian; "but has the appearance of these mosaics," asked the speaker, "any artistic connexion with Christianity?"

In order to trace the provenance of the unfamiliar landscape-features appearing in this period, he next showed slides of the wall-paintings of Buddhistic India, from the cave-temples of Ajanta. Griffith, who first published the photographs of these paintings in 1896, hesitated in his explanation of the landscape-forms appearing in them. If one comes to them immediately after observing the landscape in the mosaics of Ravenna, one can not, says Professor Strzygowski, doubt the significance of the rock- and hill-forms that puzzled earlier students. He next showed the panels of a famous Japanese shrine preserved at the temple of Nara. The decoration of the panels with landscape and figures presented recognizable affinities with the pictures shown before. Next, we were shown a bronze mirror with landscape-decorations, also from Nara, which in the technical processes of its making suggested again that point of contact in Central Asia to which scholars have for a long time been able to trace Hellenism, Christianity, Islam and Buddhism.

Turning again to Europe, Professor Strzygowski continued his series with a wall-painting from Pompeii and the well-known floor-mosaic from the same place—the "Battle of Alexander." Both present certain landscape-features only to be explained by the Eastern, non-Hellenic influence. Other pictures which continued the chain of evidence were the miniature-paintings of Persia itself and the landscape-decorations found in volumes of Persian poetry. Coming down to so recent a date as 1557, and only to be connected by devious paths with the ancient art of the country, these Persian paintings still showed evidence of their descent from the Iranian forms that cropped out so far from their primitive site. It was an art belonging to the family of these miniatures that, centuries before, had crossed with the Islamic conquerors from Africa into Spain and France.

There are, of course, in the ancient decorative *motifs* of the Scandinavians, reminiscences of Iranian art, but by his comparison of Persian miniatures with those of Northern Europe, Professor Strzygowski established an immeasurably closer and more recent connexion

between the landscape-art of Asia and that of Europe. The parallel is most strikingly seen in the "gardens of love" depicted by the painters of both continents and celebrated also in mediæval love-songs. In German, French and Italian miniatures of the Middle Ages, we find the landscape that later reached the high point of development represented by Dürer, Fouquet and Bellini in their respective countries. It will help to solve the enigma of Bellini's "Sacra Conversazione" in the Uffizi, if one considers the picture in relation with the landscape that we have been tracing across the long centuries. The Northern strain is also evident in Bellini's pupil, Giorgione, who may almost be said to have invented modern landscape with the painting of such pictures as the "Nature" in the Palazzo Giovanelli at Venice, and the "Concert Champêtre," in the Louvre, at a time when to the South, in Florence, the Greek art of the figure was rising to a new summit in Michelangelo. The Giorgione-Titian idea of landscape appears again in Poussin and Claude Lorrain, and it is in the North once more, that we find the great landscape-schools which include Breughel and van Goyen, Ruysdael and Hobbema, Constable and Corot. In the figure-drawing of Corot we return to Ingres and the classical tradition; and so the cycle is endless. If, in this last remark, I have ventured to suggest a corollary to Professor Strzygowski's demonstration, it is because one's strongest impression of his work is that it is not a thing of the dead past, which people often suppose to be the archæologist's province; it is a thing of the living present.

WALTER PACH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE EVER-PRESENT QUESTION.

SIRS: On the subject of prohibition, I wonder if you will permit me to quote the two best things I have lately come across. First, from "The Antiquary," Chapter XI:

"Aweel, your honour maun hae't your own gate, nae doubt; but a dram's worth siller now—the distilleries is no working."

"And I hope they'll never work again in my time," said Oldbuck.

"Ay, ay, it's easy for your honour, and the like o' you gentlefolks, to say sae, that has stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claih, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire and meat and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is worse ava, wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?"

"It's even too true an apology, Maggie."

Second, from a recent letter from a friend in Boston:

To-day is G.W.'s birthday and we have a holiday, at least until this afternoon. We are going to make some gin to-day. We have got hold of some alcohol and a man is coming over to make it for us. The other day I was at lunch with three other girls, a minister's wife, one other faculty wife and a business man's wife. The principal topic of conversation was that of home brew and the best ways to make it. There was no clandestine feeling among us, we talked perfectly calmly about it, and compared notes, and I got to thinking: Here we are, four pretty respectable women (the other three are much more so than I am), the wives of the aforesaid teachers, preachers, etc., which professions are generally considered respectable to the point of tears; and here we are taking it for granted that all of us are violating the constitution and breaking the law . . . therefore, thought I, it can't be a good law. That little luncheon and conversation absolutely proved to me that something is the matter with prohibition—not that I hadn't thought so before, but I realized it more keenly than ever.

I am, etc.,

Tacoma, Washington.

JOHN McCLELLAND.

WHY NOT CASHIER THEM ALL?

SIRS: In my occupation as public accountant, my attention has been drawn to the fact that most people—the majority of business men in particular—in this Province, are paying municipal, Provincial and Federal taxes which total just about double the amounts they paid on the same values in 1918. It is probable that similar conditions prevail south of the line, and, indeed, all over the world. One reason for this communication is to inquire whether, for this doubled tax we are getting doubly efficient, or doubly increased service; and, if not, why not?

Another reason is to suggest that although it takes the average individual a long time to see anything beyond the

end of his nose, it is possible that sometime in the near future, when he sees his depleted bank-balance, or examines his empty pockets, and views with alarm the certainty, on present forecasts, of increased taxes in the future, he may ask himself whether this multiplicity of government, with extravagant and irresponsible expenditures, is worth the price he pays for it. For the moment, the business man is engaged in the invariably pleasant task of trying to shift his increased expenditures to the broad back of labour. But suppose labour refuses to come through, and demands, as it is demanding, not a worse but a better standard of living? The "economic consequences of the peace" are not by any means all tied up in the Versailles treaty, and the student of affairs may see, from this point of view, quite interesting times ahead for Western civilization.

To look at the matter from a purely practical point of view, we are very much overgoverned, and our Governments, with the responsibility of finding jobs for all their friends, are very much overstaffed. To my mind, instead of shouting economy to those who rule over us, and being shown that economy is "impossible under the circumstances," it is a question whether we would not be wiser, and secure cheaper service and greater efficiency, if we cashiered about half of them. It could be done, and once done, we should be surprised that we had not done it before. I am, etc.,
South Vancouver, B.C.

HERBERT E. TURTLE.

ETIQUETTE OF BYGONE DAYS.

SIRS: After reading, in the *Freeman* of 12 April, Mr. Seldes's review of the latest treatise on etiquette, I am sure you will be interested in the following excerpts culled from one of my own odd volumes. The title of the book is "Frost's American Etiquette, or Laws of Good Sense," published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, 1869. It is "a condensed but thorough treatise on etiquette and its uses in America, containing plain and reliable directions for deportment in every situation in life"; besides which there are "one hundred unclassified laws applicable to all occasions."

A gentleman may never offer to shake hands with a lady, but he must accept such an offer on her part, taking her hand lightly but firmly in his ungloved right hand, and delicately shaking it for a moment. A pressure is an insult in such a case.

Never speak to a literary person of his works. You may, by an apt quotation or pleasant remark, show that you are familiar with them, but to question an author about his profession is ill-bred.

There is [says the chapter on Dinner Company] no space in our little volume for directions on carving, nor do they form any portion of the art of etiquette. All that etiquette has to say on the subject is that you must not stand up to carve; you must not pursue the bird, joint or whatever the meat may be, all round the dish; nor [if you are a guest] should you comment on the age of the fowl, or the toughness of the meat.

Do not decline wine by covering the mouth of the wine-glass with the hand. It is an ill-bred gesture. Say simply, "Not any, thank you," and the waiter will not fill your glass.

Never smack the lips when eating. Never take a long, deep breath after you have finished eating, as if the exercise had fatigued you. Never pick your teeth or put your finger into your mouth. Never, even with cheese, put your knife into your mouth. Never fidget with your salt-cellars, balance your spoon on your tumbler, make pills of your bread, or perform any of those vulgar antics unfortunately too often seen at table.

One must never smoke nor even ask to smoke, in the company of the fair. If they know that in a few minutes you will be running off to your cigar, the fair will do well—say it is in a garden, or so—to allow you to bring it out and smoke it there.

No lady will be guilty of the vulgarity of sucking the head of her parasol on the street.

In the chapter on travelling we find the following: "A lady may, under certain circumstances, as, if she be a married lady, and not too young, begin a conversation with a strange gentleman; but he must not, under any circumstances, begin a conversation with her. An unmarried lady, unless advanced in life, is not supposed to begin conversation with a strange gentleman."

I close with a selection from the chapter on Morning and Evening Parties:

Gentlemen at picnics must consent to become waiters, guides, servants to the ladies; must 'scale mountains', climb trees, perform any feats desired by the fair tyrants, if they fancy 'that lovely flower,' or 'exquisite bunch of sea-weed,' in impossible-to-get-at places. If on a fishing party, it is the gentlemen's place to bait the hooks for the fair anglers, to assist them in landing their prey, to find them shady nooks for seats, and in every way to assist them. If nutting or berrying are the objects of the party, the gentlemen must climb the nut-trees, seek out the berry-bushes, carry double allowances of baskets and kettles and be ready for any assistance required in climbing fences or scrambling over rocks. By the way, the etiquette for climbing a fence is for the gentleman to go over as gracefully as possible, turn his back upon the lady, and not look around until she claims his hand to spring from the topmost bar. She will not thank him if he insists upon shoving her over first, or watches her while she climbs up.

I am, etc.,

Chicago, Illinois.

BLANCHE GOODMAN EISENDRATH.

CONSTRUCTIVE AND PRACTICAL.

Sirs: Knowing you to be men of some consideration and understanding, I take pleasure in acquainting you with my new scheme for saving the Republic. My scheme has the advantage of being practical. I do not expect people to fall all over themselves at once in order to adopt it; but after they have thought about it a little while, they will come to it like flies around the bung hole of a vinegar-barrel.

As you no doubt know, there are hundreds of firms throughout the country that sell on credit. They advertise everything, such as books, furniture, stove-blacking, nutmeg-graters; all, in fact, that people need for their physical and aesthetic welfare. Now in view of the fact that there is a great deal of unemployment and a general stagnation in business, here is our great opportunity to start the wheels of industry hum-ming. Let us all start a great buying-crusade (I claim no originality for this particular suggestion), patronizing the credit-houses exclusively, and paying as little down as possible. Let us drive hard bargains, and not be mollycoddles and softies. After we have gotten the goods, the first act in the great drama will begin. A great many of us will at once be in possession of gravy-dishes and silk underwear which will necessitate an immediate increase in the output of these commodities. The credit-houses will then stimulate the manufacture of these products, and mills will be running day and night to get ready for the rush of buyers. Having thus started things off, those of us who have the goods can then refuse to pay for them. This will immediately give employment to hundreds of girl stenographers who will have to write an unlimited number of dunning letters to us. Finally the accounts will be turned over to credit-reporting agencies; and this will give employment to a great many clerks. The credit-agencies will employ lawyers to prosecute us, and that will save a great many starving lawyers from the bread-line. Millions of stamps will be needed for the letters that the credit-houses write us, and on account of the overburdened mails, more postal-employees will be needed. The shoes that the letter-carriers wear out will necessitate longer hours of operation at the shoe-factories; and this will help both the employers and the employees. All these things will create a great deal of enthusiasm in Congress, and cause a great many Congress-men to get up and talk for hours, thereby sweating out their collars and shirts; and this will increase their laundry-bills, necessitating more employees in the laundries and a larger output in haberdashery. I could go on enlarging for hours upon the beneficent complexities of my scheme, but I know that your readers are busy people; so I give them merely the outline of the idea, and any of them who has a grain of intelligence can fill it in for himself.

I might say that as soon as the machinery set in motion by the foregoing suggestion proves inadequate or impractical, I shall try and conjure up a new scheme. Desiring always to be serious, so that the ends of pragmatism may be served. I am, etc.,

Portland, Maine.

JOSIAH DE NIO.

A THEORY OF THE HAPPY ENDING.

Sirs: Judging from his article on Mr. Galsworthy's play, "The Pigeon," in the *Freeman* of 1 March, Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton apparently accepts the current credo that the desire of the American audience that its plays should "get" somewhere and that their dissonances should be resolved, represents a "childish attitude . . . which the dramatist can ignore at his peril." Though I am not musician enough to know, I wonder if Beethoven would be considered a greater artist if his Fifth Symphony concluded on a note of jangling discord. Is this matter of harmony which seems so important in music peculiar only to this art? It is not common to all the arts?

My idea is this: the demand of the public for a note of final harmony in drama is as natural as its demand for air in the theatre. Pessimists may tear their hair for exhibition-purposes, but what is life if not the affirmation of an eternal hope? Man has a long history of successful adaptation to his environment, the cruelty of which seems to make the realists whine. Are not these successful adaptations proof that whatever the dissonances may be, they can, with effort, be resolved?

In the past, in face of what to the average individual looked like chaos, the great artist found harmony. It was not on the surface of things, yet he found it, made the finding of it his job, and now the average man looks intuitively to the artist for light and hope. If the would-be artist is not equipped with the sense and the intuition which enable him to find the hidden harmonies, the masses soon find out his deficiencies, and if the would-be artist offers solutions that

are mechanical and false, the public soon finds that out too. Are there five plays written in American during the past decade that are so true and so great that their reputation continues to wax rather than wane?

If Mr. Galsworthy's play "The Pigeon" has twice proved unsuccessful in this country, in spite of its admittedly charming characterizations, something must be wrong with the play and with Mr. Galsworthy. No matter how realistic the photography may be, the play is futile if it ends in futility. The theatre-goer doesn't need to be told how ironic and chaotic and tragic life is. He probably knows that as well as the playwright. What he does not know and what he asks the artists to tell him is how to make the best of it under the circumstances. Evidently, according to Mr. Eaton, this is exactly what Mr. Galsworthy has failed to do in the case of "The Pigeon."

Why is it that "tragic irony" seems to be so much in the air nowadays? Is it that the minor artist puts his stress on matters of form and originality, solely for purposes of self-advertisement? The so-called "realism" which is now so much in the fashion is surprisingly like the scareheads in our newspapers: it makes the same attack on our nerves, and screams for the same attention. Every would-be novelist and dramatist strives to draw attention to himself as a sort of enigmatic personality with nothing to say—though startling! This may be a paying business, perhaps, in terms of cash, but the enigma to me is, why should we take these abortive individualists seriously?

Even the sincere pessimist, if he will stop twisting himself up in bad logic and will listen to instinct, must admit that life is hope. The great artist, whether a Shakespeare or a Beethoven knows this. Accordingly, he always places his great dissonances before the last triumphant harmony—of hope. If, then, the great artists have taught us to expect light, why should we expect the public to go into ecstasies over a minor artist whose sum of knowledge is that all is tragic irony, darkness and chaos?

Is the prevalent "naturalism" a matter of temperament merely—or does the murky trail lead straight back to the newspapers whence most of our present-day authors spring? The journalist is trained to jot down first impressions hurriedly. First impressions are those that make the most direct attack on the nerves. The journalist is also trained in attention-getting; and the easiest way to catch the attention is to portray not the superior but only the abnormal. I am, etc.,

Daytona Beach, Florida.

CORWIN DALE WILLSON.

BOOKS.

STUDIES IN RELIGIOUS FAITH.

THERE are books which one opens on a sunny, hopeful spring morning only to close them again: one postpones reading to some cloudy, glowering afternoon, or to some evening when the thought of weather is curtailed out. Such books are those that deal with heresy, with the Inquisition or with the history of the Jesuits.

Two such are now at hand, and each relates itself to a larger undertaking in its own field. Professor Turberville's work¹ supplements Lea's standard "History of the Inquisition," now some thirty or thirty-five years old, by bringing forward the results of more recent thought and investigation; and Father Campbell's work² anticipates that large "universal" history of the Jesuit Society which was decided upon in 1892 and which, despite the publication of numerous volumes in various languages, is still far from complete.

Professor Turberville's book is rather less painful than it threatened to be. His heresies are indeed medieval; and the ensuing punishments were inflicted far from our own shores: thus time furnishes one buffer for modern American humanitarian sensibilities, and space another. The author's own attitude furnishes a third. He displays a thoughtful, composed, impartial mind: not unduly does he carry the lamp into the torture-chamber, nor sift the ashes at the foot of the

¹ "Medieval Heresy and the Inquisition." A. S. Turberville. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$4.00.

² "The Jesuits, 1534-1921." Thomas J. Campbell. New York: The Encyclopaedia Press. \$5.00.

stake. There is no use in studying the question of the attitude of the mediæval Church towards heresy, he assures us, unless one is prepared to use imagination enough to consider heresy from the mediæval point of view. Accordingly, he entrenches himself within the *Civitas Dei*, that "magnificent conception" which fused and unified Church and Christendom. The walls of the theocratic city must be defended; even more important than the enemy without, is the enemy within. The modern distinction between Church and State was wholly foreign to mediæval thought. Heresy was treason. When one is condemned to view the vagaries and ineptitudes of the human mind during the long, slow conquest of free thought and free speech, such considerations have their convenience and conduce to some minor degree of comfort.

Were the excesses of the Middle Ages due to the Church or to the people; to ecclesiastical organization, or to lay authorities and public opinion? Abundant evidence seems available that, in the twelfth century, before the Inquisition was fully on its feet and while the legal position of the heretic was a matter of uncertainty, the initiative was largely lay. The self-willed eccentric who attempted to build a more stately mansion for his soul courted a fate not altogether dissimilar to that which in Africa sometimes overtakes the presumptuous tribesman who presumes to build a more commodious hut for his body. He has gone beyond public opinion and has contravened established usage; he has indulged in that "spontaneous variation" upon which progress is thought to depend; popular correction is applied, and the indulgence in individualistic architectonics disappears.

The Middle Ages looked with no favouring eye on belief in flux. The heretic was regarded as an offender against society—but against a Christian society; and this society was conducted and controlled by an organized Church which, in those days, was far from indifferent or impotent. The clergy, not the mob, discovered the heresy and the heretic. Such discovery was not to be made without theological knowledge. Of this knowledge, beyond fragments of doctrine derived solely from clerical instruction, the mob was ignorant; from what other source, indeed, could knowledge come? Prelate, rather than prince or populace, must take the onus.

Professor Turberville recounts the many heresies which, during his period, plagued cleric and layman alike. There were those which were prompted, justifiably, by an aggressive anti-sacerdotalism; and he conducts the Waldensians from their first appearance at Lyons, up to that late day (disregarding his general scheme) when Milton lamented their extirpation. There were the heresies which belonged to the province of the psychologist rather than to that of the theologian; and much blood might have been spared if only the psychologist had been more numerous and the theologian less. There were the heresies of an intellectual and philosophical nature, showing the health and sanity of honest thinking, even if crude, obscure or exaggerated; and here men suffered individually, rather than *en masse*, as with many of the crazes and delusions. Dearest of all to the modern sense were the light-hearted, pleasure-loving heretics of Provence, ultimate children of Avicenna and Averroës: foremost among them the troubadours, so highly prized in our own day by Mr. Ezra Pound and others, and surviving, after De Montfort, only in Sordello and his mates beyond the Alps. One short generation later, about A. D. 1250, let us call it, the Christian world, after a season of bloodshed and fire, had been purified

and unified to meet the plans and specifications of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram; and Thomas Aquinas had systematized the theology of Saint Dominick. Let us praise the zeal of the Saint and of his new order, ready for work and more than willing. The architect should send greeting from one office to the saint in another.

On the Spanish Inquisition, in particular, Mr. Turberville pauses in keen appreciation. It was the creation, in a later century, of Ferdinand and Isabella, and really much more monarchical than papal; and he notes its "extraordinary prestige and unexampled success." It was also "popular," "a national institution of which the people were proud." It was "a terror to the foreigner; it made the name of Spain feared all over the world; it played a great part in welding the Peninsula together, in driving out alien elements, producing national homogeneity." It drove out, too, all hopes resident in variation; producing, if not liberty, or even equality, at least that conformity which is to be esteemed in peace, and especially, as we have lately seen, in war.

The financial aspects of the Inquisition engage Mr. Turberville but slightly; to a much less degree than they engaged Lea, who thought pretty positively that it was confiscation which supplied the fuel that kept up the fires of zeal: delation and confiscation led to profit, and Church and State sometimes played into one another's hands—thus in Columbian Spain, and thus in Medicean Italy. The Florentine humanists might discuss the immortality of the soul, but the German reformers might not discuss indulgences! Pompanazzo, thought Leo X, was unlikely to affect the stability of the Papacy, but Luther might have a disastrous effect on papal finances. Here, again, Mr. Turberville is moderate. Most of the mediæval heretical sects, he says, consisted of poor men and were not worth pursuing for the ends of any material profit. The Jews and Moriscos of Spain lie rather beyond his period.

In leaving the Inquisition for the Jesuits, we leave the sweet reasonableness of a cool-tempered student for the eagerness and alertness of the professed advocate. Everybody will welcome the detailed facts which Father Campbell, completely at home in his wide field, brings forward; yet many will ask full liberty to interpret them, and still fuller liberty to consider the history of his Order in its bearing on the developments of modern life. When our author has the epithet "terrible" to bestow, he bestows it not on Bloody Mary but on the energetic Elizabeth. When he interprets Voltaire's "*Infâme*" as "God or Christ," we prefer to remember that "*L'Infâme*" means the ecclesiastical organization calling upon the secular arm to enforce its anachronistic decrees. When he indulges in an ardent and sustained defence of a Society that came to be suspected and resented everywhere, and everywhere to be found prejudicial and intolerable, one can hardly fail to recall the child who declared from the kerbstone that everybody was out of step but father. So with the Jesuit father himself, just at that time when the French Revolution was preparing to usher in the modern day. When Father Campbell represents the suppression of the Society in 1773, as a conspiracy on the part of the Bourbon families of Europe, we shall conclude, to quote from the account of an earlier crisis in Spain, that not "all the charges were based on false impressions, personal prejudices, and imaginary acts." A further comment on this same crisis throws an interesting light on the Jesuit's conception of his own Order. To compose a feud, the Pope of that day,

1593, made a certain contentious administrator a bishop in Peru. In doing this he ignored the Jesuit General; an act which our author sees as an "interference of rich and powerful outsiders in the family life of the Society." One catches the persevering devotion to the assumption that the Jesuit organization is an empire within an empire, and subject to an allegiance that cuts across other allegiances. One recalls as well, that no other organization ever reached a keener understanding of the power of wealth and its employment, or became more clearly and of set purpose the agent of the rich and influential, with corporate interests put first in all times and places, and mastery rather than co-operation as an object. The Jesuit policy was subtle and persistent in court-politics, subtle and prepotent in juvenile education, and mischievous in both. But we need not pause on education in Jesuit hands when educational systems on more modern lines are coming in for so much censure.

One may prefer to leave the controversial side of the subject for its historical side. Many of us need to be reminded that Saint Ignatius himself received in early life the attentions of the Spanish Inquisition, having been for six or eight months either in jail or under surveillance; also that his Company, founded by half a dozen Spaniards under the shadow of Montmartre in Paris, was formed, not to combat the heretics of Germany, but to convert the infidel Turks. The inaccessibility of the Turks, together with the need of a new and zealous arm to combat erroneous beliefs nearer home, gave decisive direction to the activities of the new organization. Germany was invaded, yes; and beyond Germany, Sweden!

As regards history combined with geography, the efforts of the early Jesuit missionaries abound in interest. Our author enables us to review their brave and whole-hearted endeavours in Japan, in China, in the South America of the *conquistadores*, and in the wildernesses of the Mississippi and the Great Lakes. Instructional and somewhat amusing is the account of Jesuit experiences at the court of the Great Mogul. In particular, there was the young Father de Nobili, who set out to be a Brahmin among the Brahmins, and in learning and sanctity to beat them on their own ground. So far did he go into the vast, bizarre field of local customs and of native rituals, that his uncle, a cardinal, feared he had apostatized, and the General of the Order sent him a severe reproof. One recalls (if one may do so without incurring the charge of undue levity), Gilbert's Bishop of Rum-ti-foo and his odd endeavours to "bring around" the dusky parishioners of the tropical islands which composed his See. One is instantly reproved, however, by his own recollections of the sufferings and martyrdoms faced by these ecclesiastical minute-men on the borders of alien civilizations or beyond the confines of any civilization. Yet one can not altogether refrain (in another shifting mood) from noting that our author is disposed to measure the success of a mission by the number of accompanying fatalities. Thus, Saint Francis Borgia had "the consolation" of knowing that "sixty-six of his sons had been martyred for the Faith during his Generalate"; and of the mission-house at Douai we read: "Its success may be estimated from the fact that one hundred and sixty priests . . . who had been trained there were martyred for the Faith." The criterion seems to resemble that which measured English officers before the hard days of the great war had taught the British public differently: a bold willingness for self-sacrifice, little gauged by ultimate results.

Towards the end of his volume, Father Campbell,

in a chapter on "Literature," pays tribute to the scholars and writers who for generations have shed lustre on the Society which he defends and adorns. Some succeeding book (perhaps the great work above referred to as under way), should enshrine him in a similar niche. His 930 pages are done with great thoroughness and unfailing competence: every page, as a piece of writing, can be read with pleasure. Despite his theme, which is largely controversial, and to many of us distasteful, his tone and atmosphere are modern and notably American: little of the hieratic, the unctuous; occasional welcome touches of briskness and informality. It does us no harm to see Paolo Sarpi and the struggle of Venice against Paul V, through other eyes than those of Trollope and Howells; and if the hero of "*eppur si muove*" is referred to only in a statement that the redoubtable Bellarmine was "conspicuous also in the Galileo matter," any deficiency that is felt can readily be made good. And whoever feels that, owing to American tolerance and American heterogeneity, the Jesuit spokesmen have secured rather too firm a foothold in American works of reference—our present author among them—may turn to the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," wherein the sturdy old British notions about the Company of Jesus still survive with something of their pristine vitality.

HENRY B. FULLER.

A HERO OF OUR TIME.

WHAT is the matter with the heroes of our time? The professional myth-makers have hardly begun to acclaim one of them in the editorial columns of the daily press or in the fulsome "write-ups" of the Sunday supplement before he steps forth with uplifted hand to check the applause, blushing and protesting, "Oh please . . . this is too much!" One remembers the deprecatory, schoolboy grin that General Pershing turned on the whooping Manhattanites as he rode up Fifth Avenue at the head of the returned First Division, and how shrewdly he avoided the political rewards of a conquering hero. "Governor, your words pass over my head!" said Marshal Foch not long ago to the speechifying official of the corn-belt who had the temerity to suggest that the *Generalissimo* was a hero of the first order. And only a short while ago, the most lovable and conspicuously valorous, if the least ostentatious hero of our expeditionary force, voluntarily ended his life, finding that a deserved reputation for the highest heroism in war could not heal the injury, deeper than any gunshot-wound, that he had sustained while commanding "The Lost Battalion."

Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson shares this hero-phobia. In fact, the most striking feature of his narrative of polar exploration is his anxiety to forestall the thundering applause with which his astonishing courage and resourcefulness might be greeted. His dread of a reputation for heroism is unmistakably morbid and wilfully destructive of the idols of the red-blooded communion. For, if Mr. Stefansson, who survived five months isolation in the Beaufort Sea with provisions adequate for only two months, is by his own confession no hero, then what must we think of the mounted policeman of the Great White North, the two-fisted, red-blooded Nordic Male of the movies who nightly revives the spent impulses of American pioneering in a million or more tremulous hearts?

An explorer with the "inferiority complex"? Well, hardly that. Mr. Stefansson immerses in his acid, matter-of-fact mind the heroics of arctic exploration and corrodes them out of recognition, but he does not throw away the residue and announce, "This also is vanity." He is at great pains to destroy myths about the inhospitality of the North that have hitherto served as a pedestal for the heroic figure of the polar explorer, but he re-erects in "The Friendly Arctic"¹ a graven image of his own fash-

¹ "The Friendly Arctic." Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$6.00.

ioning. Others may worship the heroic element, but Mr. Stefansson will pay his respects to the common resourcefulness of human nature. His boast is that man is at least as fit to survive as a polar bear or a seal, if he keeps his wits about him. And his boast is well supported by factual evidence, for he has played at Robinson Crusoe on the polar ice-pack, won the dramatic contest between man and nature, supremely vindicated the animal adaptability of man to the most adverse physical environment that he can encounter.

Except Nansen, Mr. Stefansson is the only arctic explorer who has "lived off the country" in polar regions for any length of time. The others have made dashes into the extreme North with enough food barely to sustain life for the round trip. But Mr. Stefansson set out into the "polar region without life" for a leisurely stroll across the Beaufort Sea to Banks Island with food sufficient for only two-fifths of the journey, relying on a theory that he could live on the game which he believed to be abundant there. Scientists and Eskimos warned him that the region was devoid of life of any sort, but his own interpretation of oceanographic theory and his prowess as a hunter convinced him that he would fare well. He had long been given up for dead when he met his supporting party at a rendezvous on Banks Island, but he was found to be not only incredibly alive, but unbelievably well nourished. In fact, he was "in the pink" from his feasts of bear, seal and caribou meat, and had proved that man can find food, clothing, fuel and shelter in a reputedly uninhabitable sector of the ultimate frontier.

Mr. Stefansson's enthusiasm for "the friendly Arctic" is so great that he looks forward to a day not so distant in the future when the fertile lands of the Arctic Circle will be settled by the land-hungry who were beginning to suppose that all frontiers were closed. Here is free range enough in the short, torrid summers to fatten beef for the inhabited world and to release the cramped energies of an overpopulated civilization in still another pastoral expansion. So, perhaps, the day of the explorer and pioneer has not ended, as we were supposing, and there is still an opportunity for those restless spirits who want to "go back and begin all over again" the cycle of human activity that commences in the struggle for mere survival. One arrives at economic security only to feel the hunger-pangs of power, and achieves power only to cry out for some reassurance that life is not a tale told by an idiot.

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

POEMS OF EXPERIENCE.

THERE are poets whose authentic work emerges somewhat precariously from the interaction of subtly conflicting motives. The chances of a flaw appearing somewhere in the too delicate workshop of their spirit are so great that the one exquisite success must needs be anticipated by a run of half-successes or be followed by a failure. Such a spirit is Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose eight volumes have now been assembled in a book of "Collected Poems."¹ One fancies, as one turns these pages, that a truer idea of Mr. Robinson's very individual artistry might have been conveyed in a smaller volume limited to his perfect and more nearly perfect poems—to "Merlin," all or very nearly all of "The Man Against the Sky," the best lyrics of "The Children of the Night" and "The Town Down the River," "Isaac and Archibald," one or two other things perhaps from the "Captain Craig" volume ("Captain Craig" itself is interesting rather than satisfying), and little or nothing from the last three volumes—though possibly "The Mill" and "Lazarus" might have been saved out of "The Three Taverns." As it is, the inclusion of the inferior work blurs the picture that we must form of Mr. Robinson's poetry if we are to do it not more than justice.

To blurt out our case against the "Collected Poems," Mr. Robinson's poetic range is too limited for quite so

¹ "Collected Poems," Edwin Arlington Robinson, New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

large a volume. Aside from "Merlin," which has been received with an incredibly obtuse frigidity where a public truly alive to poetic values would at once have rubbed its eyes in glad amazement—aside from this most splendid of poems, Mr. Robinson's comment on life is too icy for bulk. Again, his interest in the colour and detail of the human scene is too languid to save his work from a cumulative monotony. Mr. Robinson's art does not, in any deeply valid sense, reflect life; it is an error to make the parallel with Browning. His art sets in nearly always where life has unravelled itself and is waiting for its tart, ironic epitaph.

Having said all this in preliminary disparagement, we have really said little that is pertinent. For when we look away from the unsuccessful pieces, weed out of our critical selves any lingering sentiments we may still possess in regard to an artist's subject-matter, and ponder the smaller volume of achievement that lies scattered within the published volume, we realize clearly enough Mr. Robinson's position in contemporary American letters. Mr. Robinson is the one American poet who compels, rather than invites, consideration. We may like or dislike Mr. Masters or Miss Lowell, but we are not likely to feel in their work the presence of a spirit which, for the moment, annihilates us. We may like or dislike Mr. Robinson—we may both like and dislike him, but his accents are too authentic, his aloofness too certain, to give our spirits the choice whether to attend or not. Mr. Robinson has neither programme nor audience. He gives us the essence, singularly intense and cerebral, of his lonely, perhaps casual, experience of the world. We note instinctively how the cold matter of his thought is vouchered for by its rhythmic expression and have no recourse but to conclude that in this man thought is not far from feeling, that what we behold is the genuinely artistic record of a rigorous personality. Mr. Robinson has not merely asked himself to think and feel thus and so; he has taken his sophisticated, bitter soul for granted and has shown how beauty may blossom in an artist's desert. There can be no more scientific demonstration of the futility of discussing art in terms of content than to look from Mr. Robinson's arid acre to Mr. Masters's tumultuous village or Miss Lowell's garden of magnificent paper flowers.

Need one hesitate to apply the term "beautiful" to this poetry? Does Mr. Robinson's desperate irony comport with "beauty"? I can not see that an apology is required. Beauty is neither thing nor flavour; it is a relation, a strange accord between content and form. Mr. Robinson's forms fit his matter inexorably. If they seem at times a little luxuriant for their drab content, it is because this content is often but a superficies behind which one must feel back to the fuller emotions. This inferential art, with its pulsing silences, is probably the fruit of a Puritan reticence, overhauled and reinforced by a newer bitterness. At any rate, it is characteristic of Mr. Robinson's best poetry, as of all great poetry, that we believe its rhythms rather more than its letter-press.

Mr. Robinson has wrung strange values out of worn metres. Some of his ballad-tunes and variations of ballad-tunes seem to mock their own movement with a grim flippancy. In "Bokardo," for instance, the too insistent melody, wedded to an argumentative diction, give us a knowing kind of doggerel, at once sad and jaunty:

Well, Bokardo, here we are;
Make yourself at home.
Look around—you haven't far
To look—and why be dumb?
Not the place that used to be,
Not so many things to see;
But there's room for you and me.
And you—you've come.

In "The Clinging Vine" the nervous energy of the clipped lines freezes behind us as we read:

No more—I'll never bear it.
I'm going. I'm like ice.
My burden? You would share it?
Forbid the sacrifice!

Forget so quaint a notion,
And let no more be told;
For moon and stars and ocean
And you and I are cold.

Very complex in feeling is "John Everedown." Its movement creates a sense of breathless mystery on which John's senile lewdness floats as hardly more than a suggestion or symbol. Almost equally complex is "John Gorham," perhaps the most perfect short poem in the book. In this lovers' quarrel the "story," as regularly in Mr. Robinson's work, is built up retrospectively by the leakage of a stray bit or two of narrative reference—information withdrawn as quickly as it is charily ventured. But it is neither inferential narrative nor even drama that makes the interest of the poem, rather the confrontation of John's caustic disillusionment with the girl's mingled coquetry, vexation, and clinging womanliness. The drama is not so much psychological interplay and background as it is a scaffolding for the momentary display of states of mind. The technique of "John Gorham" is flawlessly precise. The syllables, rapid and retarding, carry a felicitous blend of colloquial and only less colloquial images. If ever English rhythm succeeded in fusing wit and sentiment, it is in these lines, so familiar and so remote.

It seems to be customary to think of Mr. Robinson as a pessimistic dramatist who has chosen the lyric form because he could in this way best practise his arts of compression and inferential diagnosis. I believe that this opinion seriously misconceives the nature of Mr. Robinson's poetic impulse. His observation is far too static for the natural development of a dramatic interest. His methods of inference are only plausibly and in second degree a sophisticated technique; much more truly they are an evasion of the dramatic problem. A thoroughly vigorous dramatic awareness presupposes the ability to assimilate and project narrative, an ability that Mr. Robinson can not well be credited with. The core of his poetic personality is lyric, and lyric alone. This is indicated, it seems to me, not only by the feeling that he so often transfers to his rhythms but by the very fact that he can get at the flow of life only as something hastily inferred from the vantage-point of an irrevocable moment.

Possibly the famous Shakespeare poem is somewhat to blame for the current view of Mr. Robinson's genius. Now, while it is obvious that "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford" is an amazingly successful dramatic portrait, I think it is legitimate to say that this poem is somewhat of a *tour de force*, that it does not adequately represent the deeper Robinson, and that there is an air of strain about much of it. It is exceedingly fortunate that we have the "Merlin," not only for its own sake but because it enables us to see the general poetic output of its creator in a just light. "Merlin" is a narrative poem, it is true, but it is a slow narrative. Its essential beauty lies in its lyric qualities. Here we have the imagery that Mr. Robinson had been wistfully reaching out for in all his previous work but which he had never quite allowed himself to seize, so habituated had his soul become to the denial of sense in the world of bitter reality.

Keener than any of Mr. Robinson's own ironies is the irony which doomed him, the unbeliever, to a Puritan asceticism. That part of him which was speech could not accept the pagan beauty of the world which the rhythms of his spirit so ardently desired. None knew better than Mr. Robinson himself what he was about when he lost himself in Arthurian romance. If the lyric impulse finds little growth in a world too blighted for anything but caustic blooms, it has the right to burrow into a subsoil of the fancy. Half of Mr. Robinson, the lyric poet, is in the rhythms of his poems of the denial of life, half in the passion and imagery of "Merlin." Mr. Robinson the psychologist is a somewhat unconvinced and sullen substitute for the undivided lyrst.

EDWARD SAPIR.

SHORTER NOTICES.

NEARLY every one's education in the drama has its origin in one or the other of two unforgettable experiences—the treacle and tears of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or the uncanny hilarity and slapstick of Punch and Judy. Those who come first upon the latter have the more enviable introduction to the arts. For with the acquisition of wider knowledge and experience, the horrors of Uncle Tom are rubbed off like burnt cork, but the fascination of the marionette endures and is never outgrown. Perhaps that is why one is chiefly delighted in the little book devoted to Tony Sarg,¹ which gives away just enough of the secrets to make one hover on the brink of becoming a producer oneself. Here is a narrative of the beginnings of Tony Sarg's work, characteristically illustrated by the artist himself, followed by practical instructions on the construction of the marionettes and a proper setting for their talents. Two plays for home-made marionettes (a delicious phrase, that), complete the contents of this enticing little volume.

L. B.

EDMOND ROSTAND will probably be remembered chiefly as the man who made poetic drama pay. Plays in verse are notoriously fallen from the high estate of the classical age, and neither in printed form nor in the theatre do they usually enjoy much more than a success of esteem. Yet, with the exception of two forgotten trifles, one a playlet produced in vaudeville when he was twenty years old, all of Rostand's work has been done in verse, and he died in 1918, one of the most popular and widely read writers of his time. His first volume of poems, "Les Musardises," was published in 1890, when the Realists still held the field and the Symbolists had not yet emerged from obscure reviews, and it was as much a challenge to the one as to the other, for Rostand was a thoroughly conventional young poet, in the orthodox classical tradition. Naturally, the book received very little notice, but the author continued his course, and wrote in succession "Les Romanesques," "La Princesse Lointaine" and "Cyrano de Bergerac." It was this last play that made him famous, at the age of twenty-nine, producing a furore almost comparable with that of "Hernani." Coquelin's success in "Cyrano" was repeated three years later by Sarah Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon," and Rostand entered the ranks of the best sellers. "Chantecler" was produced with a great flourish of publicity trumpets, but did not hit the mark as well as its predecessors. However, Rostand was now an accepted idol and criticism, which has always treated him with considerable scepticism, could not shake his position in the affections of the crowd. He was skilled in what might be called verbal tub-thumping; his tirades, his sentimentalism, and his undoubtedly mastery of his language gave him the same prestige as mob-orators enjoy with the plain people. Add to this his singular good luck in his interpreters, and his success is explained. Yet it is this author who is selected from amongst so many for the honours of a stately and beautifully printed two-volume edition in English,² marred only by the most preposterous illustrations ever seen even on a box of candies. To add to the wonder of the whole enterprise, the translation by Mrs. Henderson Dangerfield Norman is excellent. Mrs. Norman uses heroic couplets for the Alexandrines of the original, and her ingenuity and fidelity to the text are seen in her versions of those purple passages and set pieces: Metternich's soliloquy over L'Aiglon's little hat, Cyrano's dissertation on his nose, and Straforel's tariff for abductions in "Les Romanesques," which the Rostand enthusiasts know, or used to, by heart. When one thinks of the wretched translations of Flaubert, Maupassant and Anatole France which have been foisted on the public, it does seem lamentable that so much good workmanship, and so much fine paper and binding, should be wasted on Edmond Rostand.

E. A. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

POE's critical essays are very good reading to-day, even when he writes of the animalcules of the literary 'forties. Lowell spoke of him as "almost the only fearless American critic," and he was certainly the ablest of his time; yet tradition has not done justice to the fullness of his intentions in this line, or even to the success with which he pursued it. The wonder is that there is so little personal animus in his reviews, that they are so free from the irritations of that miserable hack's existence to which

¹"The Tony Sarg Marionette Book." F. J. McIsaac. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. \$1.00.

²"Plays of Edmond Rostand." Translated by Henderson Dangerfield Norman. Illustrated by Ivan Glidden. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$10.50.

he was condemned: indeed there was reason in the remark of one of his friends, that "he wrote in the spirit of an old Greek philosopher." His criticism was, in fact, as much the expression of a natural gift as his poetry or his tales. He returned again and again to that "Critical History of American Literature" which he left unfinished at his death; from his early youth he had been occupied with the reform of criticism; his most mature thought was devoted to the "poetic principle" and the "philosophy of composition." He had supremely, among the older American writers, the temperament of the critic; and it was the critical vein that was strongest in him at the moment of his death and gave the clearest promise of a further development.

HE had reason to feel that he was fortunate in his time. When Poe began to write, the literature of the country had gathered a certain momentum and was yet waiting for its direction. A number of magazines were coming into existence, a number of anthologies had appeared, "Specimens of American Poetry," "Poets of America," "Female Poets of America"—who does not remember those dusty old keepsakes? They were the harvest of the first long generation of the Republic; and indeed at that moment the condition of our literature was more hopeful than it was to be again for another seventy years. Poe grasped the significance of the moment. "There was a time," he wrote, "when we cringed to foreign opinion . . . and if we were induced to read at all the productions of our native authors, it was only after repeated assurances from England that such productions were not altogether contemptible." Was he mistaken in supposing that this attitude had passed? It had, at any rate, entered upon a new phase. "We are becoming boisterous and arrogant," he continues, "in the pride of a too speedily assumed literary freedom. We throw off with the most presumptuous and unmeaning hauteur all deference whatever to foreign opinion . . . and thus often find ourselves involved in the gross paradox of liking a stupid book the better because, sure enough, its stupidity is American." In these words he defined his own opportunity. It would have been all but useless to discuss literary values when the country was deaf to any American discussion at all. At a moment of promiscuous patriotism, on the other hand, the situation had changed; the public was ready for anything American, and a critic had only to speak clearly enough to be certain of the ear of his contemporaries. Poe saw this, and he spoke clearly and with authority; and reading his criticism to-day we ask ourselves why, powerful as it is and celebrated as it was in its time, it failed to exercise a permanent influence over American civilization.

No doubt the reason is that, for better or worse, Poe had too little in common with the developing mood of American thought. He had, as he said, "no faith in human perfectibility," and because of this the main current of our literature, which had its source in New England and came to its full flood in Whitman, left him all too soon in a sort of eddy of his own. His independence of New England could have been more marked only if his attitude had been less hostile: the fact is that he detested the Yankee mentality with all the fervour of an old-time Virginian. He speaks of the Transcendentalists as the "merest nobodies"; he disposes of their deity Carlyle as an ass; he refers to their creed as "the sublimity of everything odd and the profundity of everything meaningless." Henry Adams remarks in his "Education" that "the idea that one has actually met a real genius dawns slowly on a Boston mind"; and it may be that Poe's dislike of Boston was partly due to his having failed to make an adequate impression there. The touchiest of human beings, he knew perhaps that Emerson had spoken of him as the "jingle man"; on one occasion at least he went out of his way to insult a Boston audience, declaring that he had "acted of malice preposse." Unfortunately for Poe's influence it was the Transcendentalists and their heirs who, for two generations, won the day in American

letters. Years later, in 1875, Whitman was present at the reburial of Poe in Baltimore. "For a long while, and until lately," he said, after the ceremony, "I had a distaste for Poe's writings. I wanted, and still want for poetry, the clear sun shining, the fresh air blowing—the strength and power of health, not of delirium, even amid the stormiest passions—with always the background of the eternal moralities." That had been the main current of American feeling, of American thought, and Poe, who had not shared it, had not been able to guide it. "Non-complying with these requirements," Whitman went on, "Poe's genius has yet conquered a special recognition for itself and I too have come to fully admit it, and appreciate it and him." Whitman could hardly have said more distinctly that the literature of America had flowed past Poe, without dislodging him indeed, but without being diverted or otherwise seriously affected by his presence.

THUS the influence of Poe's criticism, so marked for a decade or more, suffered an eclipse with the rise of literary Boston, of Emerson and Emerson's disciple, Whitman. For Poe New York was the unquestionable centre and literature was not a branch of ethics; it was an art, a fine art, with all the mechanics of a fine art. For him criticism had nothing to do with the *Weltanschauung* of the writer. That was something given: the critic's concern was merely the philosophy of expression. Here Poe spoke with the authority of a master. Acutely conscious of his own mental processes, given to explaining to himself the secrets of his own work, he was able to discuss the work of his contemporaries in the light of principles at which he had arrived by a "route obscure and lonely" and at the same time intensely personal. Thus when he explains the importance of unity of effect we feel behind his argument the whole force of his own struggle to achieve it. He discusses the value of brevity, and we recollect the writings in which he has exhibited it. He exposes in a memorable page the weakness of allegory: would he have been at such pains to do so, would he have succeeded in so admirably clarifying the case against allegory, if he had not been on the track of an undesirable tendency of his own?

The deepest emotion aroused within us by the happiest allegory, as allegory, is a very, very imperfectly satisfied sense of the writer's ingenuity in overcoming a difficulty we should have preferred his not having attempted to overcome. . . . One thing is clear, that if allegory ever establishes a fact, it is by dint of overturning a fiction. Where the suggested meaning runs through the obvious one in a very profound undercurrent, so as never to interfere with the upper one without our own volition, so as never to show itself unless called to the surface, there only, for the proper uses of fictitious narrative, is it available at all. Under the best circumstances, it must always interfere with that unity of effect which, to the artist, is worth all the allegory in the world.

Poe's essays abound with *aperçus* of this sort, testifying one and all to the rigour of his intellectual conscience. He had his obsessions, no doubt, the obsession of plagiarism, the obsession of the "short poem," of the short fiction; but no other American critic has given us so many illuminating definitions. There is the definition of satire in his essay on Lowell; there is the definition of an anthology in his essay on Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America"; there is the splendid definition of poetry itself in his essay on "Longfellow's Ballads." By means of these, by means of his whole treatment, he lifts the humblest themes—and some of his themes are very humble—into the air of universality.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Priapus and the Pool," by Conrad Aiken. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Dunster House.

"Benedetto Croce," an Introduction to his Philosophy, by Raffaello Piccoli. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.00.

"The Drama and the Stage," by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.00.

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